National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press.

From the Baltimore American

THE MEETING OF EXTREMES.—The two factions, litically speaking, which are the most remote from e another and most bitterly repugnant one to anoer, unite in a strange sort of convalescence upon e point—the dissolution of the Union. The Nullirs of the South and the Abolitionists of the North, rseeing in nothing else, mutually hostile in everyng else, are clamouring together in most discordt unison for secession—separation—the overthrow the Constitution—the dismemberment of the Reblic. Worthy allies, fit coadjutors, in such a use.

We quote from both quarters some exposition of ws and opinions illustrative of the two movements. e Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph says:

A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us politily and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally. We cannot nain so intimately connected with any people, without rtaking of their vices; or, in other words, "we cannot ich filth without being defiled." In the event of secesn, the South, profiting by the experience of the past, h a common interest binding them together with hooks steel, with free trade with all the world, and her pecur institutions undisturbed, may unite in a Southern Coneracy without convulsion, and pursue her manifest desy, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiion if not the envy of the world.

In accordance with such views as these, the people South Carolina, or some of them, are holding meetgs preparatory to an organised resistance or a conrted secession in case the Wilmot Proviso should adopted by Congress. Why they remained quiet hen the Oregon Territorial bill, which contained e Proviso, was signed by Mr. POLK, we are not told. or are we told what they will do if it should so hapn that the Proviso question in California and New exico were to settle itself without the intervention Congress. In such an event, unless some escapepe, or safety-valve were provided, there might be dangerous dispersion of accumulated wrath and triotism. But let us hope for the best.

To that other tale, "told by an idiot," the reader ay now turn. The Abolitionists have recently et in their Annual Convention in New York, where, nong other resolutions offered by EDMUND QUINCY, e following were adopted:

Resolved, That that which is giving strength, extension d perpetuity to Slavery—to wit, THE UNION—on beg overthrown by a peaceful withdrawal from it by the n-slaveholding States, for conscience sake and for selfeservation, must necessarily weaken, limit, and speedily tipate Slavery from the American soil. Therefore,

Resolved, That the motto of every Christian and of every atriot should be—"No Union with slaveholders, either ligiously or politically."

Resolved, That this is not a question of expediency, on hich action may be innocently deferred "till a more conenient season," but one of absolute morality—of obedience God and fidelity to mankind—to be met and carried out the letter without delay.

In support of these resolutions many speeches were ade, some of them quite as eloquent as any of the cent specimens of South Carolina oratory. Indeed e are not sure but that Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is head of any of Mr. CALHOUN's disciples in the way bold fallacy and impassioned rhetoric—to say noing of zeal in the cause of disunion. Mr. PHILIPS comes to the point without blinking it—thus:

"*We confess that we intend to trample under foot the onstitution of this country; we call upon you to do likeise.* Shall I tell you why? You can never make a revotion in this matter until you make the common sense ad the consciences of the people superior to their statute ook; until you arraign against the despotism of the marity the conscientious convictions of the mass of the inority, whatever it be. Our Society rests like a pyraid on its broadest basis. * * There is a law on the stauebook that bids you return the fugitive slave to his masr. Every man feels it to be wrong, and shrinks from rrying it into execution. Still that devil of the American character—if there is no other—compromise—that del to which has been sacrificed the morality, the logic, e literature and the intellect of the American people, obracts our way."

The subjoined additional extract from the speech f Mr. PHILLIPS is commended to the special notice f the Washington Union—the first paragraph parcularly. It may aid the "Union" in that definion of "*the* democracy" which we hope to see it oon attempt. Mr. PHILLIPS speaks of the Democraic party with the air of a man who knows what he s talking about. He expects to act with that party; r rather he exults that the Democratic party will ays to act with him. The "Union" must know hat this calculation is based upon facts—upon facts alpable and notorious. It must know, or it ought o know, that the union between the Barnburners nd the Hunkers has utterly denationalized the pary which, under the name of the Democratic party, elected Mr. Polk to the Presidency. But let us hear Mr. PHILLIPS—there may not be many opportunities for enjoying that pleasure.

"That is the error of American politics. We have fored the Democratic party out of the field, the original lly of the slave power. We have sent the Whigs into an alliance with Southern slaveholders; it is a natural alliance. It is the Lords of the Lash and the Lords of the oom associated—(applause and hisses). It is the capital of the country and the conservatism of the country against he ideas of the country; for the Democratic party has lways represented, though very imperfectly, the idea of American liberty and American progress. We have drawn the lines, the struggle is commenced, and we shall probaly live to see its issue. But no matter whether we do or not, this much we know, that when a man puts himself against principle, it is a struggle like that of the angel with Jacob; it may last an age or a night, but the man is sure o be vanquished.

"The South did not annex Texas; she could not do ; she had no power; the slave power is not synonymous with the Southern slaveholders; the slave power resides n Ohio, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania; in corrupt sentiment, in a tainted church; in a prostituted literature; in the school-houses of the free States; there lies the slave-power. The South, bankrupt, povertystricken, weak, trembling like an aspen leaf—she annex Texas? She talk about annexing Cuba? Let her stand alone. I should like to see her get up and separate herself from her Northern crutches, and stand on her own legs. The civilization of the South? Let it save itself for an hour from the gulf of its own barbarism in three millions of slaves, then I will believe it; but till then it is you that I address—you, the slaveholders and the slave power, of America."

Thus the two wings of Nullifiers and Abolitionists, moving away from one another on the circumference of a circle, have kept backing and backing until they have met on the other side. Upon the platform of disunion they can act in concert. In the elements of national chaos and anarchy they are able to find the materials of harmony with each other, and if the torch should be applied to the majestic temple of our Liberty and Union, the light of the conflagration would show to each his own smile of joy reflected in the face of the other.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The anniversary of this Society has just been held in New York, and, as usual, the most violent denunciations of Slavery and the Constitution were uttered. Some of the speakers were in a perfect phrensy, giving vent to their fury against the Union, white and black Slavery, Zachary Taylor, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Abbot Lawrence, &c. The operatives of the North were denominated white slaves, with whom were classed all men or women who are employed by others—the broad principle being asserted, that no man should work for wages, but all stand upon a perfect equality as to the possession of property. The meeting was composed of white men and women and negroes, the latter speaking very learnedly of the necessity of dissolving the Union, and the former applauding the sentiment. Colonization Societies are an abomination in their eyes; and nothing less than the retention of the coloured people amongst us, on terms of perfect equality, will satisfy these philanthropists of all colours. Among the speakers were some clergymen, who might have been better employed than in giving aid to treasonable designs, and approving inflammatory language. Free Soilism shared no better fate with this enlightened assemblage than Southern institutions; and nothing but the destruction of the Union and the total eradication of Slavery seemed to be received with satisfaction. Brave words were used, but fortunately their authors are impotent in action.

We look upon the Constitution of the United States as too sacred an instrument to be dragged into discussion, and especially to be spoken of in terms of contempt, at meetings like that of the Anti-Slavery Society—and we hold as traitors all who advocate a dissolution of the Union for any purpose whatever.—It can never be dissolved by the efforts of those who contend for the abolition of Slavery; for there prevails too much good sense and patriotism in the free States to contribute to an object which would be so fatal to the interests and happiness of all sections of the country. On this subject moderate councils will prevail, and the Union will be preserved. Nor will the foolish endeavour to introduce the agrarian principle of a division of property, be more likely to succeed. In fact it will not be advocated by any man of common honesty. It is on a par with the new principle which has found some supporters, that all laws to compel the fulfilment of contracts, should be abolished. Whilst society remains civilized, and continues to be enlightened, neither of these systems can be successfully introduced; for neither could be tolerated by any other than a community in which ignorance and barbarism predominated.

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The New York correspondent of the *Washington Union*, gives a brief but graphic sketch of the Anti-Slavery Convention, which will be found annexed. Absurd and ridiculous as appears this strange medley of fanaticism and folly, it is the leaven which is leavening the entire mass of Northern society, and judging from the progress of events during the past few years, but a brief period will intervene before the most crazy of these silly enthusiasts will be undistinguishable from the great majority of the community of which they are members. But a few years since and the opinions now entertained and avowed by MARTIN VAN BUREN and WILLIAM H. SEWARD, and made the basis of political action by a large and influential party, would have been stigmatized as fanatical and unconstitutional; and the supposition that such men as FILLMORE and COLLAMER would have been elevated to the high places of Federal Government, and by the aid of Southern votes, would have been considered as perfectly preposterous.

But to the correspondent's sketch of the Abolition Convention:

The most remarkable effort was that of a dirty little shrivelled up man, who, not content with abusing the South, society, and the Christian Church, whacked away with right hearty good will upon the practices of his own companions, the Garrisonites. The audience listened complacently enough to all this balderdash until he was pretty well into this branch of his speech. Then came the hisses, with which they occasionally vary their *free* discussions. At length a fat old lady, herself looking out of the eyes as if just out of a lunatic asylum, waddled up to the foot of the platform, and pointing up to the speaker, pronounced in a shrill voice, "That man's crazy." This set all the rest of the crazy folks in a roar. Indeed, such a collection of bedlamites I never before saw out of asylums. Wendell Phillips and Garrison were present. The latter is a very ordinary looking enthusiast, whose countenance and person are redolent with the canting expression so common to those who, in the North, live after this fashion; on the gullibility of half-crazed people. Mr. Phillips is a tall, gentlemanly-looking person, with thin light hair and blue eyes—apparently some thirty-seven or eight years of age. He has a finely developed head, and an aristocratic turn of countenance, ill-according with the ugly mugs of the black spirits and white sprinkled around him. He possesses, undoubtedly, one of the first minds in New England, though upon this subject the world has long since pronounced him as deranged as his co-labourers, Abby Kelly and Lucretia Mott. His speech was a dignified argument against Slavery, sliding rarely into the extravagances of which all said by the others was made up. He evidently appeared ashamed of his company. The showing of this Society evinces that they are making no progress."

"AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY."

The *N. Y. Herald* contains a long account of the proceedings of this Society, at its anniversary assemblage in New York. We learn from the *Herald* that this Society is the real, genuine, original, radical, unadulterated Anti-Slavery Society, the "*American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*" being a seceding branch of this establishment. The secession was on account of the *ultra* views of the "American Anti-Slavery Society!"

The *Herald* states that the Tabernacle was "tolerably well filled with a parti-coloured and highly variegated assemblage. There were white faces, and yellow faces, and red faces, and black faces, long hair, and short hair, straight hair, and woolly hair, beautifully interspersed throughout the building, both up stairs and down stairs. Among those in attendance, we saw Wendall Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Lucy Stone, and several other of the supporters of the institution."

The *Herald* adds, that a great many gentlemen and ladies of the Society of Friends were also present. A large number of the race for whose injury these proceedings took place, were also in attendance. Among the prominent personages of the occasion was one Wm. Brown, a fugitive slave. The following financial statement was read, which comprises the receipts and expenditures of the Society for the last year:

Receipts.	
To Bal. from old account,	$2 59
Standard and donation account,	6,952 20
Publication account,	37 78
Total,	$6,992 57
Expenditures.	
For the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, agents, and the support of the office in this city.	$6,975 13
Balance,	$17 44

It is evident that however anxious these people are to get hold of other people's property, they know how to take good care of their own. The principal capital of the Society consists in wind. In contrast with a statement of receipts so small that it might be easily put in your eye, the *Herald* has five closely printed columns of *speeches*. Words cost nothing, and words are about all that these fanatical, yet *discreet*, persons have to give to their object.

The speakers on the occasion were Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury of New Hampshire, Wendall Phillips of Massachusetts, Frederick Douglass, (a runaway slave,) W. Brown, (a runaway slave), Lucretia Mott, Miss Lucy Stone, &c. &c. The great burthen of all the speeches was an attack on the Northern churches and clergy for holding communion in any way or shape with the Southern clergy or Slaveholders. Lloyd Garrison proclaimed, as the position of the Society, "that no slaveholder should be recognized as a Christian, and that any man who dares to call his brother as property is destitute of Christ."

Another of the speakers, Parker Pillsbury, wound up his absurd tirade by the remark, "Politics are giving way, but the Church has thrown herself in the breach, and it is therefore against the pulpit that we shall direct our attacks." Mr. Pillsbury also gave a vehement kick at the American Union.

Mr Wendell Phillips said: "True to our mission, we attack the Church or the State." "Our plan of reform is—we confess without flinching—to trample on the laws of this country, the Constitution of this country, and we call upon you to do likewise." "The Abolitionist will disobey the law, and act on his own conscientious convictions. Is that fanaticism or infidelity? If it be so, then welcome both!" "Daniel Webster says you are a law-abiding community, but, thank God, we are not. Massachusetts at least, is not. She is not quite so low as her statute book, for we defy despotism there by disobeying the law." Mr. Phillips concluded by intimating that "your grand-children may yet honour our unworthy figures in marble." *Brass* would be a more appropriate material.

Frederick Douglass [runaway] seemed somewhat disgruntled that the audience began to disappear at the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' philippic. "Mr. Douglass" was of opinion that "American morals and religion" were in a bad way, especially at the South. "Mr. Douglass" was severe upon Zachary Taylor and Henry Clay. There was such a rush for the door at this time that the speaker brought his remarks to an "untimely end."

The monotony of the exercises was varied by a long legged gentleman from Ohio peddling among the audience the auto-biography of an Abolitionist by the name of Wright, during which period, the *Herald* says, "a song was sung by two or three ladies and old gentlemen, to the ancient air of

Oh! Su-san-nah—
Don't you cry for me,
For I'm going to Alabama
With the banjo on my knee.

The exact words of the chorus were, we believe—

Oh, the star of freedom,
That's the star for me;
It will lead to Canada,
Where I will be free."

At the adjourned meeting of the Society, Mrs. Lucretia Mott was delivered of a speech, and so far succeeded in surpassing the blasphemy of her male associates that we must be excused from making any extracts from her remarks.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury butted his head against the buttresses of Trinity Church, and predicted that in two centuries it and the religion preached in it will be a "fine ruin." Whereupon there was decency enough left in the assemblage to raise a "great hissing," and a voice exclaimed, "we don't want such talk—its an insult to New York."

William Brown [runaway slave] made a speech. Our impression, on reading the speech of "Mr. Brown," is, that he possesses the richest fancy and most inventive genius of any man present. "Mr. Brown" also endeavours to be a wag, as will be seen by the following extract, with which we shall close our notice of this Bedlam let loose:

"When I lived down South, and my master—and here let me give you a description of my old master, for he made an impression on me which I would not like to make upon you—he was a whining, praying, complaining psalm-singing man, who ordered me, every evening at nine o'clock, to go down to the 'niggers,' and call them in, and the influence which the master had in putting them all asleep by prayer, was remarkable. He possessed a magnetic power, which Sutherland could not touch—(laughter).

[Correspondence of the Charleston News.]

BALTIMORE, May 13, 1849.

The past has been an eventful week for New York. Between the religious anniversaries and theatrical emeutes, the city has been in a whirl of excitement. The Macready affair, with its shocking finale, supplies the press with columns of news matter and indignatory comment. As far off from the scene as Baltimore, it is in every one's mouth, as it must be everywhere else, where an occurrence springing from such petty causes is deemed of sufficient consequence to be the occasion of national regret and mortification. Forrest's connection with the overt acts of violence so purely inferential; in fact he forces a public retraction of the charge from a responsible source; still the re-action is decidedly against himself. He will never be received in Baltimore, with the same warmth as before. His day is past.

A more pleasant subject of contemplation is the Anniversary Week in New York, that Mecca of black coats and white cravats. From small beginnings, many of the societies, religious and beneficiary, whose lengthy names head "annual reports" almost as interminable—the Missions (Home and Foreign) Bible Societies, Sunday School Unions, Tract, Colonization, Seamans' Friend, Anti-Capital Punishment, Anti-Slavery, and everything but Anti-Humbug—have increased to monstrous machines, disbursing among them, in the aggregate, not far from $1,000,000 annually. The objects of some are laudable, of others detestable; but all are attended by large assemblages. Most of their meetings are held in the Tabernacle, the large amphitheatre built originally by the Tappans, but which by a singular freak of fortune became afterwards the property of the late Mr. David Hale, of the Journal of Commerce, an admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and as singular are the uses for which it is allowed—concerts and congregations, sacred music and sable minstrelsy, public meetings and private devotion; on Sunday, a church, and when demanded on week days for the purpose, a mad house, where Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Folsom, and other Bedlamites, may cut up their harmless pranks for public amusement. These Abolition revels, by the by, are becoming common-place, unnoticeable, from the insignificance of the actors in them; and it is injustice to the North to take their blasphemous ravings as an index of public sentiment there on the Slavery question. A less rabid but no less portentous state of feeling is represented in the Free Soil party, which alluring several honest and well meaning constituencies into evil ways, has sent to Congress some dozen unscrupulous demagogues, who would like nothing better than to turn the Representatives' Hall into Pandemonium.

The Associationists held their Convention too. The editor of the Tribune presided, and the leading voices of the pow-wow, were those of Messrs. Parke Goodwin, Charles A. Dana, and Citizen Brisbane, (the Socialist gentleman recently ejected from France,)—all men of admitted talents, but learned just to that point where "'tis folly to be wise."

While Gotham has been effervescing in this noisy hubbub, a clerical body in number hugely disproportioned to the power they wield, have been in session in Baltimore, quietly disposing of business of the first magnitude in the American Catholic church. What the Council has done is merely surmised, and it will not transpire until its proceedings have passed under the review of the Sovereign Pontiff. The deliberations are conducted in the Latin tongue. The public sessions of Council, the last of which takes place to-day, are but a routine of church services of imposing solemnity, the Archbishops and the higher prelates officiating.

[From the La Grange (Ga.) Reporter.]

☞ Mr. Phillips, says the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in his speech at the Tabernacle, referred to the case of the colporteur who was arrested, some years since in New Orleans, for giving a Bible to the slave, and used the fact as a powerful illustration of his statement touching the pro-slavery character of the American church. More striking evidence of the truth of all that was said both by himself and Mr. Pillsbury, on that point, could hardly be given, and if any exception could be taken to it, it would be that the case occurred several years ago, and being a solitary one, could hardly be established as a general rule. We do not mean to attempt to add anything to the force of the arguments or illustrations adduced by either of those speakers, but if any such exceptions as these alluded to should be taken by any defender of the church, it would be sufficient to reply that if that single case was a peculiar one, it is only because Northern Christians have never, by sending other such colporteurs to the South, given the slaveholders an opportunity to serve them in the same way. If the American Bible Society were as mindful of the blacks of the South as they are of the Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope, the Southern masters would only be too glad to serve its missionaries with the cart-whip as they did A. Dresser, or hand them over to the tender mercies of the Municipal Courts, as they did the colporteur referred to.

A signal proof of the truth of this has just come to our knowledge. The Wesleyan Methodist Church has seceded as everybody knows, from its venerable mother, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is an outcast from the Christian Church of the United States. We do not think it has washed its hands clean of the abomination of American Slavery, but it is far from sustaining the same relation to it as is still sustained by other great denominations. It is known, North and South, as, in a measure, opposed to Slavery. The Rev. Mr. Lee, of the True Wesleyan newspaper, of this city, has just received a letter from the South containing the intelligence of the arrest of a minister of that Church, the Rev. Jarvis C. Bacon, of Grayson circuit, Virginia, who is charged for circulating, for 'felonious purposes,' a pamphlet containing a Bible argument against Slavery, and loaning the Narrative of Frederick Douglass! The accusation against Mr. Bacon is made in two indictments, and each, if sustained, will subject him to 'not less than one, nor more than five years imprisonment' in the penitentiary. The criminality of Douglass' Narrative consists in its being a simple and truthful statement of the experience of the writer while a slave; the 'Bible Argument' is one preached as a sermon by the Rev. E. Smith, a Wesleyan clergyman in Cincinnati, and published at the request of the congregation that listened to it. Such a fact as this cannot fail to give added weight to the reflections upon the character of the American Church contained in the speeches reported in this number of the *Standard*.

[From the Tallahassee Sentinel.]

Among the "society proceedings," as they are called, which yearly crowd the columns of the New York papers with a remorseless prolixity, we notice those of the 'American Anti-Slavery Society.' It was the 15th anniversary, held at the Tabernacle. As usual, the money matters were looked into first, and it appeared that the "Society," had received $6,992 57, and expended $6 475 13, showing a balance sufficient to treat all hands. The speakers then delivered themselves. They were Wendall Phillips and Douglass, the runaway slave. Phillips ridiculed the idea that the Northern States were *free* States, and expressed his candid opinion that they were a little *worse off* than Algiers. He rebuked Daniel Webster for asserting that the New England States were a "law abiding community," and thanked God they had not sunk *so low* as that. Giddings, he said, was only a sunshine friend, who would give a runaway a piece of bread, provided the master was not in sight. He was a man whose hat was on his neck, for he had no brains. Referring to the late Presidential election, Phillips roared out—"We have sent the Democrats to free soil doctrine, and the Whigs to the South—it is a union of the *loom* and the *lash*—a union of capital against the ideas of the country."

Here followed a miscellaneous assortment of hisses, yells, plaudits, bravos curses and the like, but after order was restored, Phillips expressed the conviction that the "slave power" was playing the very deuce with the world generally, and that the Christianity of the 19th century was very little better, government itself a humbug, and until this "constellation of tyrants" was broken, there can be no freedom. And having delivered himself in this particularly emphatic manner, Phillips wiped the perspiration from his brow, appealed to high heaven for the rectitude of his intentions, and sat down. Douglass followed, and the crowd began to melt away rapidly; observing which, with an admirable candor, he began to compliment the *taste* of the retiring audience, remarking that it could be "no fun listen to poor nigga, arter great Massa Phillip hab pok."

Well, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world like ours," and New York can boast of a few of them.

From the Richmond Whig.

DISUNION, FREE SOILISM, &c.

We alluded the other day to the fact, that the Abolitionists of the North, and the Disunionists of South Carolina, agreeing in nothing else, found themselves side by side on the grand platform of Disunion. The following extract from the Columbia Telegraph, placed in parallel columns with the resolutions of Mr. Edmund Quincy, at the late annual meeting of the Abolitionists in New York, will fully bear us out in this assertion.

From the Telegraph.	*Mr Quincy's Resolutions.*
"A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally. We cannot remain so intimately connected with any people, without partaking of their vices; or, in other words, 'we cannot touch filth without being defiled.' In the event of secession, the South, profiting by the experience of the past, with a common interest binding them together with hooks of steel, with free trade with all the world, and her peculiar institutions undisturbed, may unite in a Southern Confederacy without convulsion, and pursue her manifest destiny, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiration if not the envy of the world."	*Resolved*, That that which is giving strength, extension and perpetuity to Slavery,—to wit, THE UNION—on being overthrown by a peaceful withdrawal from it by the non-slaveholding States, for conscience sake and for self-preservation, must necessarily weaken, limit, and speedily extirpate Slavery from the American soil, Therefore, *Resolved*, That the motto of every Christian and of every Patriot should be—"No union with slaveholders, either religiously or politically." *Resolved*, That this is not a question of expediency, on which action may be innocently defer red "till a more convenient season," but one of absolute morality—of obedience to God and fidelity to mankind—to be met and carried out to the letter without delay.

The reader will see at a glance that both these fanatics propose to carry their points in one way, and one only. The one would secure the institution of Slavery by it, and the other destroy it. Both of these objects cannot be attained, of course, by the same means; but of the two it appears to us that Mr. Quincy had much the clearest view of the subject, for it is very certain that nothing is so much as disunion, would secure the destruction of Southern institutions.

Many speeches were made in the Abolition Convention, upon the resolution of Mr Q., some of which would have done honour to the most subtle transcendentalist of the Calhoun school. Wendell Phillips spoke the following among many remarkable things:

"WE CONFESS THAT WE INTEND TO TRAMPLE UNDER FOOT THE CONSTITUTION OF THIS COUNTRY; WE CALL UPON YOU TO DO LIKEWISE. Shall I tell you why? You can never make a revolution in this matter until you make the common sense and the consciences of the people superior to their statute book; until you arraign against the despotism of the majority the conscientious convictions of the mass of the minority, whatever it be. Our Society rests like a pyramid on its broadest basis. * * * * There is a law on the statute book that bids you return the fugitive slave to his master. Every man feels it to be wrong, and shrinks from carrying it into execution. Still that devil of the American character—if there is no other—compromise—that devil to which has been sacrificed the morality, the logic, the literature and the intellect of the American people obstructs our way."

In another portion of the same speech, Mr. Phillips announces a union between the Democrats and the Abolitionists. Hear him:

"That is the error of American politics. We have forced the Democratic party out of the field, the original ally of the slave power. We have sent the Whigs into an alliance with Southern slaveholders; it is a natural alliance. It is the Lords of the Lash and the Lords of the Loom associated. (Applause and hisses). It is the capital of the country and the conservatism of the country against the ideas of the country; for the Democratic party has always represented, though very imperfectly, the idea of American liberty and American progress. We have drawn the lines, the struggle is commenced, and we shall probably live to see its issue. But no matter whether we do or not, this much we know, that when a man puts himself against principle, it is a struggle like that of the angel with Jacob; it may last an age or a night, but the man is sure to be vanquished.

"The South did not annex Texas; she could not do it; she had no power; the slave power is not sononymous with the Southern slaveholders; the slave power resides in Ohio, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania; in a corrupt sentiment, in a tainted church; in a prostituted literature; in the school-houses of the free States; there lies the slave power. The South, bankrupt, poverty-stricken, weak, trembling like an aspen leaf—she annex Texas? She talk about annexing Cuba? Let her stand alone. I should like to see her get up and separate herself from her Northern crutches, and stand on her own legs. The civilization of the South? Let it save itself for an hour from the gulf of its own barbarism in three millions of slaves: then I will believe it; but till then it is you that I address—you, the slaveholders and the slave power of America."

This is most undoubtedly true. There is nothing congenial with Abolition in the conservative spirit of Whiggery, and if there has ever, for a moment, been any sort of alliance between the two parties, it has been for a moment only. Oil and water could as soon amalgamate and form a fluid compound of the two. We congratulate the disunionists of South Carolina upon the company into which they have fallen.

That the union between the Abolitionists and Democrats, to which Mr. Phillips alludes, is no fable, may be proved by what succeeded so completely in Connecticut. If any farther proof were wanting it would be found in the proceedings of the Free Soilers of Wisconsin, at their last legislative session. Our readers are already aware that Mr. Walker was instructed out of his seat, because he was not a thorough Free Soiler. What farther was done, we shall hear from the lips of one of their own oracles:

From "The Daily Wisconsin" of April 9.

THE UNITED DEMOCRACY OF WISCONSIN.—We learn that, previous to the adjournment of the Legislature, the Democrats and Free Soilers perfected a union on the basis of sound principles, and that, in consequence thereof but one State Convention is to be called next fall for the nomination of Governor, &c. to be represented by two Delegates from each Assembly District in the State.

It has long been perceived that the differences were a mere matter of organization. That tenacity has fortunately yielded, and now the Democrats who supported Cass and Van Buren will work together, and thus secure in Wisconsin a Democratic majority alike impregnable to the efforts and seductions of the Taylor Administration. The united majority of Cass and Van Buren over Taylor was 11,000. We can scarcely expect so large a majority hereafter, as many Whigs who acted with the Free Soil party will join the Taylor party; but we can give the largest Democratic majority of any State in the Union.

It is pertinently suggested that the example of the Democratic majority of our glorious State will be found worthy of emulation in other States. We have a natural pride in saying that Wisconsin is the pioneer State, where this union has been first consummated.

This unprincipled transaction is never alluded to by the South Carolina and Virginia papers, but they still continue to call their dear friends, the Northern Democrats, the Natural Allies of the South.

The following is the platform of the Wisconsin Democracy:—

Resolved, That while we will faithfully adhere to all the compromises of the Constitution; and maintain all the reserved rights of the States, we declare, since the crisis has arrived when that question must be met, our uncompromising hostility to the extension of Slavery, into any territory of the U. S. which is now free.

Resolved, That in organizing governments for New Mexico and California, the introduction and existence of Slavery in those territories should be positively prohibited by act of Congress.

Resolved, That there should be no more Slave States admitted into the Federal government.

Resolved, That all national laws recognizing or sustaining Slavery or the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, or any other place under control of the Federal Government ought to be immediately repealed.

Thus the reader will see, that Democracy, like the chamelion, takes the colour of anything it may adhere to for the time. In Virginia and South Carolina, it means opposition to the Wilmot Proviso, to the verge of disunion; in Wisconsin, New York, and Connecticut, it means Free Soilism to the very extreme of Abolitionism. In order to meet the demands of all descriptions of the Democracy, South and North, the Union some time since made the following annunciation:

"We owe everything to our principles and our 'party, and we are making arrangements to infuse 'such future talent and energy into our paper as the 'occasion obviously requires. We have great confi'dence in our cause, as well as in ourselves great 'confidence in the associate whom we shall attempt 'to bring into our establishment from the North or 'Northwest; and we trust we are not mistaken 'when we add, great confidence in the Republican 'party. We shall stand by them; and we appeal 'to them to stand by us."

A Northern editor, one who would do the free-soil articles in the most approved style, cannot, it seems, be dispensed with in the present condition of the party!

From the Richmond Whig.

ANTI-UNION MOVEMENTS.

On the 14th instant, a Convention, composed of delegates from the Committees of Safety for the several districts and parishes of South Carolina, assembled at Columbia for the purpose of deciding upon the proper measures to be adopted touching the questions now in agitation between the North and the South. Several propositions were offered which were submitted to a committee of twenty-one. On the next day this committee reported a series of resolutions embodying their views, which were unanimously adopted.

In these resolutions we see nothing of which we can positively disapprove, except the determination expressed to proceed to extreme measures, in the event of the passage of the Wilmot Proviso by Congress. That Proviso has already been passed, in a shape pronounced by Mr. Calhoun himself, to be the most offensive which it could possibly assume. It was tacked to a territory so far North that the introduction of Slavery into it was almost an impossibility, certainly so difficult that it would never have been attempted. Its passage was a gratuitous insult to the South, a wanton and uncalled for declaration on the part of the North, that they intended to exert the power which they felt that they had, regardless of Southern rights, and in defiance of Southern complaints. It cannot be said that it was immaterial because it was above the line of the Missouri Compromise: for those very persons who now stickle for the Southern Address, opposed it with all the strength they could command. The *Enquirer*, the *Union*, and all the Southern Democratic journals, without exception, objected to the election of Mr. Winthrop, most vehemently, because he proposed to insert the Wilmot Proviso in the first Oregon bill, thereby plainly showing, that *they* at least, speaking the sentiments of their party, conceived it to be a matter of momentous consequence. Mr. Polk signed that bill, and thereby, as Mr. Van Buren charged, surrendered the great principle contended for by the South, that all the inhabitants of the States have a right to remove, with their property, be it of what description it may, to any portion of the territories which belong equally to all, having been acquired by the blood and treasure of all. When Mr. Polk put his name to that most disastrous law, a law which has given strength to the friends of restriction which they could not otherwise have acquired by forty years of agitation, then was the time for South Carolina to have called for the united action of the Southern States. Did she do it? By no means.—She contented herself with saying, if it was done again, she would enact unutterable things, voted for General Cass, who thinks that the territories have the right to settle all questions of this sort of themselves, and then rested from her tremendous labours.

It is not so much to the tone of these resolutions that we object, as to that of the press in South Carolina. It openly breathes discord and disunion. We hardly open a paper from that quarter, which does not contain some paragraph in which the value of the Union is openly calculated, frequently in the most hateful of all styles in dollars and cents. Its advantages are habitually scoffed at. We can excuse a great deal of this in South Carolina, a sort of American China, each sovereign of which is taught to believe that he is the "brother of the Sun," and "cousin german of the Moon," and that all the world beyond the limits of his "Celestial Empire." is but a congregation of outside barbarians. Yet, if they were constituted like other people—if they were not so completely hemmed in by the Tartar wall of prejudice, and self opinion—we would fain ask them, what end they calculate upon obtaining, by peaceably seceding, as they propose to do, from the Union? They cannot carry a single Southern State along with them, and if they flatter themselves that they can, they are most grievously mistaken. They cannot force, thereby, the object which they appear to have in view—that of carrying their slaves into California. If they exist as an independent people, they leave to the other States of the Union, all united and forming a wall of fire around them, the right to declare war against them, whenever they may think [illegible] cannot help them.—Even now they see the Northern barbarian pouring his hundreds of thousands of myrmidons upon Western Europe, without the power to arrest his progress. There is no term to describe the utter insignificance into which, in such an event, they must of necessity sink.

It is a little curious, that while the press of South Carolina is habitually indulging in a strain of denunciation of the Union, their example is copied with the utmost fidelity at the other end of the Union, by men whose objects are as opposite as it is possible to conceive. The Anti-Slavery Convention which met at New York during the week in which the great riots occurred, dealt out in resolutions, and through the mouths of their orators, furious threats and denunciations against the Union. Should not this of itself cause the people of South Carolina to open their eyes? Do they not see that in endeavouring to weaken the bonds of the Union, they are playing into the hands of these atrocious fanatics, whose avowed object is the destruction of their property, the amalgamation of races, the kindling of a servile war, and the supremacy of the African over the Caucasian race? Do they not see that the only safety to their institutions lies in the preservation of that Union which they are madly desirous of prostrating in the dust? If they are insensible to the security to all derived from the continuance of our present form of government, they will at least listen to the words of one who is of their own party, and has always been understood to have a strong Southern bias.

Hon. C. J. Ingersoll, after having detailed the incidents of the Hartford Convention, in speaking of the delegates sent by it to Washington, says: "While not a hair of their heads was harmed, permitted to live and die, and one yet surviving, unmolested in their persons and property, with fair private characters, yet condemned to complete and wholesome public degradation, for the dreadful risk to which they exposed the first trial of war by the republican Government of a confederated country, by an attempt to reduce its States to dismemberment, and thus bring back ages of perpetual civil war, by Kings, peradventure, of Virginia, fighting Kings of Massachusetts, embracing all the intermediate States, like hostile tribes of barbarious Indians, inevitably involved in universal and incessant conflict. Europe, instead of a federal head, maintains the balance of power at immense cost of blood and treasure, by the armed prevention of otherwise perpetual war. Instead of that compelled peace, the United States of America, by their Federal Union, have substituted a compromise of State sovereignties, which no one can disturb for local and selfish purposes, by unconstitutional opposition to the National Government, without involving the harmony of the whole, and supplanting order by complete disorganization. THE UNION IS THE ROCK OF SALVATION."

Such is a just picture of what the country would be, if no longer held together by the bonds of the Union. Eternal wars, standing armies, the utter demoralization of the people, and despotism, would be the inevitable consequence. May *we*, at least, never live to see the day when this glorious republic can no longer be properly typified by the bundle of rods, which, separately, are frail enough, but which together cannot be broken, and when the motto "E Pluribus Unum" shall cease to be her's.

In a speech yesterday before the Anti-Slavery Society at the Tabernacle, Wendell Phillips told a story of a colporteur who was arrested in New Orleans for giving a Bible to a slave. He says the judge addressed the culprit in the following language: "Sir, you must know that there are, here in New Orleans, domestic institutions which we value more than we do the Gospel."

Parker Pillsbury was hissed in one of his tirades against the Southern clergy, when he retorted,—"That is very appropriate—every man in his own vernacular." A fellow named William Brown, who represents himself as a runaway slave from Missouri, made one of the best speeches of last evening before the Society at the Minerva Rooms. He has a fair stock of wit, and great readiness of repartee, with which he kept his heterogeneous auditory in a constant roar of laughter. Not so with Mr. Frederick Douglass, who found it difficult to attract any attention to his remarks. Amongst the speakers of the day and evening were Miss Lucretia Mott and Miss Lucy Stone, neither of whom said anything remarkable.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

The Anniversary proceedings are pretty much all closed, a few only of the delegates meeting to-day. The American Anti-Slavery Society closed their annual scene in a grand blaze of liberality, and as much show of patriotism as would be looked for in a crowd of Gadarene porkers. Their proceedings excite little other feeling than disgust in this city although occasionally they have succeeded in creating amusement amongst the lookers on who are less fastidious than curious or merry. There are a great many true philosophers in New York who are not suspected to have common sense.—*Ibid.*

MADNESS.—The following rascally attempt of an *Abolitionist* to *steal* the property of a Virginia slaveholder, was commented upon in the late *Anti Slavery Convention* as a laudable effort made for *liberty*, and the "*inalienable rights of man!*"

RICHMOND, Wednesday May 9.

"GREAT EXCITEMENT—*An Attempt to Run Negroes to the North detected.*—A man named A. S. Smith, a supposed agent of the Abolitionists sent a box to Messrs. Adams & Co's express office, in this city, marked as merchandise directed "to W. P. Williams, Buttonwood st., Philadelphia.' The box was placed on the freight cars; but on examination, it proved to contain two live negro slaves, who were supplied with cans and bladders of water and other necessary contrivances to sustain them on the trip. On the discovery being made, a telegraphic despatch was sent to Fredericksburgh, where Smith was arrested and taken back to Richmond, where he was committed to jail to await an early trial."

"On the foregoing, Mr. Garrison commented, as symbolizing the character of our Government and people, and the regard here felt for liberty as an 'inalienable right' of man."

N. B.—Our readers will note that this Mr. *Garrison* is *President*, of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The name of a man so deserving of renown as *William Lloyd Garrison*, should, we think, be consecrated to *fame!* We trust our readers will not *forget him!* We repeat it—he is *President of the American Anti-Slavery Society!!*

[*Edgefield Advertiser.*

GREAT WORK AMONG THE ABOLITIONISTS.—The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* of the 17th May, is filled with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. If our Southern neighbours, who are trying to make it appear that there is no just foundation for the present movement in favour of Southern rights, will but peruse the Report of those proceedings, they can no longer doubt. Only they "who have eyes and see not," can fail to be convinced of the earnest determination of Abolition *Fanatics*. Hear the Editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*:

"We do not remember ever to have known so much Anti-Slavery crowded into a single week, in this city, as in the last. In addition to the meetings of the American Society, there were several evening meetings among the coloured people, and on Friday afternoon and evening a discussion of the character of the Constitution of the United States, between Frederick Douglass and S. R. Ward, which we hear, was conducted with great ability, and to the satisfaction of a crowded audience."

N. B.—Our readers will recollect that *Frederick Douglass* is a "nigger," and was once a *slave*—*Advertiser (Edgefield S. C.)*

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES.—The *Baltimore Sun* of the 11th says:

Two Anti-Slavery Societies are in session at New York, very widely different in character from each other. The American and Foreign Society is composed of such men as command respect, and its proceedings and operations are temperate and effective. The opposition concern, entitled simply "The American Anti-Slavery Society," goes not only against Slavery, but the Church and the Union; and its prominent members and speakers are an intermixture of male and female—as Garrison, President; Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Frederick Douglass, (the abscondent Maryland slave), Miss Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, *et omne genus*. The special worth of each is indicated by the degree of extravagance to which they are prepared to go. In the late meetings of these latter, at the Minerva Rooms, New York, the usual zeal and vivacity was exhibited. On one occasion there was such a superabundance of efferverscence that Mr. Garrison had mildly to enquire "if they were gentlemen, why they didn't behave as such."

tors: Frederick Douglass, Henry Bibb and slave ora- Brown. Bibb, who is from Kentucky, is said to be a really good and sensible speaker. Brown introduced a song in one of his speeches, and was loudly cheered. The Luca Family, consisting of four coloured boys, sung the "Car of Emancipation."—Frederick Douglass announced General Taylor as the instrument of a blood-thirsty Government in carrying on a war for slaves; and Mr. Clay as the author of "a craftily-written letter, full of detestable sentiments." The reader thus may judge of the good and bad.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1849.

Advertisement.

The NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is published on Thursday of every week by The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY at its office, 142 Nassau street, New York.

As the object of the Society is the Abolition of American Chattel Slavery, which is sustained, and can exist only, by virtue of a corrupt public sentiment, so the purpose of the Society's Organ, the STANDARD, is to establish the great truth, by facts of experience, and appeals to reason and common sense, that Slavery is economically, politically, morally, and religiously, a gigantic error, and a sin of the deepest dye, and should, therefore, be immediately, totally, and unconditionally, abandoned. It enforces the duty of secession from the body of a Church which palliates or defends such a system, and repudiates a Union whose common bond is the oppression of one sixth of the people.

It is the aim of those to whose management the paper is entrusted to make it, not only a faithful and earnest exponent of the highest Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country, but also a complete history of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. A portion of its columns is always devoted to selections from other papers, both Northern and Southern, presenting, so far as it is presented through the public press, the pro-slavery or Anti-Slavery complexion of the different sections of the Union.

It is designed also to be a good *family newspaper*, and contains always a brief synopsis of the most important current intelligence. Its fourth page is exclusively of a literary character, and is carefully collated from the best Foreign and Domestic Publications.

The STANDARD is edited by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, EDMUND QUINCY, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Mr. Gay is the resident editor, and its chief management is entrusted to him. Each number of the paper will contain an article in the editorial columns from either Mr. Quincy or Mr Lowell over their proper initials.

RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, whose letters to the *Standard* have excited so much attention hitherto, for their just and discriminating view of Irish affairs, and for their general great ability and interest, will continue a regular correspondent of the paper.

Its price is $2 per annum, and the Executive Committee confidently and earnestly commend it to the patronage of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and all all opponents of American Slavery, as worthy, both for its object and its character, of their support.

Mobs.

Mobs as often wear velvet as fustian, and hard words are as commonly their missiles as brickbats. Wherever force and majorities are appealed to against reason or right, there is a mob, whether led by an anointed king or an unanointed Rynders. Anaxagoras was mobbed by pagan, Galileo by Christian Priests; Wordsworth by reviewers; the Abolitionist first by the populace, and since by editors. An invading army is only a mob organized and put into regimentals. America, France, Austria, and England in turn mob Mexico, Rome, Hungary, and India. So clumsily have we managed matters hitherto.

It is curious to observe who and what have been subjects of mob-law. The printing-press, the revolution of the earth round the sun, the circulation of the blood, the spinning-jinny. Indignant Marblehead made a kind of Stephen of the Salem lawyer who first displayed to them the ungraceful succinctness of the Spencer. Mr. Roebuck, opening the first umbrella in England, was pelted with something harder than rain drops. Shakspeare has Cinna threatened with tearing in pieces for his bad verses—a terrible but ineffectual example. Toward the close of the last century, the London mob made as recognized a part of every day's performance as the Chorus in the Greek tragedy. They seem to have been enthusiastic but rude practitioners of a primitive species of hydropathy. A *douche* under the pump, a plunge in the Tower-ditch, and applications of mud in various stages of dampness, seem to have made up the sum of their simple pharmacopœia. Their range of practice was extensive, from the king to the pickpocket, inclusive. A criminal, acquitted by the ordinary courts, had still to pass the Rhadamanthine, tribunal of the mob. A ducking or a pelting formed the colophon to the daily volume of nearly every public performers biography. "The MOB then took him and proceeded to &c," this is the way in which the Annual Register concludes its account of the appearance of most actors on those perilous boards. A deputation of periwig-makers waits upon the king to desire his countenance in the present depressed state of their trade. His majesty gives a gracious answer and the consoled artists withdraw with our sincere sympathy. But it appears that two or three of them have basely compromised their principles by wearing their natural hair! Those the fate of Absolom is to overtake. Accordingly the MOB at once enters as retributive justice, seizes the renegadoes in the very fact of trampling on their principles, and puts them upon a severe course of ditch-water.

But of all the mobs of which we ever heard, the late one in New York was the most causeless in its inception and the most melancholy in its results. The joke of a king, certainly not exceeding either in point or delicacy the average of royal *facetiæ*, once brought fire and sword upon France. But this is not so strange as that a theatrical criticism in the *London Examiner* should have occasioned the deaths of twenty-one persons in Broadway. Are we to have war between America and England because an English critic does not happen to agree with the Bowery "b'hoys" in his estimate of Mr. Forrest. Are Americans to be prevented from hearing Macready because Englishmen did not care about hearing Forrest? We might apply to the mob the words of the strange Lady in Christabel,

> "Vainly thou warrest,
> For this is alone in
> Thy power to declare
> That in the dim Forrest
> Thou heard'st a low moaning."

The Forrest was "dim" enough, beyond a doubt, but the moaning would have been in better taste and more innocent if it had been lower.

It has been judicially decided in England that an actor is not protected by the usages of civilized society, that a person who enters a play-house gives up his gentlemanly feeling with his ticket at the door and is at liberty to express his disapprobation of a performer in any less emphatic way than tearing the house down. We have always thought the position of an unpopular actor peculiarly hard, a single man at bay before a whole audience and subjected to the grossest insults and indignities. It is the natural impulse of right feeling to take side with the weaker party. If an actor be dull, the benches and boxes will tell him of it soon enough in their quiet way. We should have a terrible mauled and battered community if all dull people were to be pelted. There were particular reasons why Mr. Macready should be sustained and protected. We leave entirely out of the question the fact that he is a scholar and an artist, and that he bore himself with singular forbearance and dignity under the gross insults of Mr. Forrest. It is enough that he was a stranger alone in a strange land. The question was not merely one between two actors. If it had been there was no reason why justice should not be done. But it was more. It was a matter of national fairness and courtesy.

We did not intend to enter upon a controversy, which every reasonable person in the country has already decided in favor of Macready. We intended to show that the Respectability of New York had only itself to thank for the late dreadful occurrences, and that the monster set at work fifteen years ago with general applause to put down the Abolitionists, has returned to plague the inventors. The disgraceful riots which took place in July 1833, were first instigated and afterward excused by some of the leading journals of the city. After the first riot (at the Chatham street Chapel), the *Courier and Enquirer* published the following paragraph:

"Learning that there is to be another meeting at the Chatham street Chapel to-night, we caution the coloured people of this city against attending it. No one who saw the temper which prevailed last night can doubt that if the blacks continue to allow themselves to be made the tools of a few blind zealots, *the consequences to them will be most serious.*"

A few days after, the same paper, speaking of the Abolitionists, says:

"When they openly and publicly promulgate doctrines which outrage public feeling, *they have no right to demand protection from the people they thus insult.*"

"On the whole, we trust the immediate Abolitionists and amalgamators will see in the proceedings of the last few days [illegible] that the people of New York have determined to prevent the propagation amongst them of their wicked and absurd doctrines, much less to permit the practice of them. *If we have been instrumental in producing this desirable state of public feeling, we take pride in it.*"

This was after a brutal mob had had its own way in the city for several nights, during which it had entertained itself by sacking the houses of those who happened to be obnoxious to it. Nor did those journals which took the most decidedly the part of law and order, fail to attribute the chief *blame* in the matter to the Abolitionists. Undoubtedly the frogs were very much in fault *because* the boys stoned them.

The other day we saw the remarkable phenomenon of a mob-captain waiting on the Mayor and offering him favourable terms of capitulation. "If Macready performed to-night," says the generous Rynders, confident in his superior forces, "there will be a riot. But we will let you off if you will close the Opera House. Trust yourself confidently to the magnanimous forbearance of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail."

Now, in this case Rynders only made a logical deduction from the promises of 1834. It is lawful and praiseworthy to mob unpopular persons and things. Mr. Macready is an unpopular person, and the Opera House an unpopular thing; therefore we may mob Mr. Macready and burn the Opera House. How must the sensibilities of the brave Rynders have been lacerated by finding the Opera House open! How must his humanity have been outraged by finding it protected! Nevertheless, the path of duty was clear enough. The obnoxious edifice must be destroyed in tenderness to the feelings of the people. Accordingly the attack was made under leaders (perhaps) who had their military education in the successful campaigns of 1834.

An investigation into the causes of the riot is now going on in New York, and we hope that it will be extended far enough back in point of time. It would be a pity that so salutary an instance should be lost of the evil influence of a press which encourages brutal violence in the lower ten thousand by pandering to brutal prejudice in the upper. The homely old proverb says that, as you make your bed, so you must lie in it. If you educate mobs you must expect to have them, and make up your mind to consider them as a political engine not always under exact control.

J. R. L.

The Presbyterians on Slavery.

We gave, a week or two since, a brief abstract of the report on Slavery, adopted by the (New School) General Assembly, at its recent session in Philadelphia, which report we now copy in full, as follows:

The committee to whose consideration were submitted sundry papers on the subject of Slavery, now presents to the American Assembly the following report, consisting of a preamble and resolutions:

These documents are 19 in number, embracing memorials from 4 Synods, 13 Presbyteries, 1 church, and 1 from certain individuals. The object of these papers is one and the same, namely, to free the Presbyterian church from all participation and connection with slaveholding. The measures proposed are various—some more and some less stringent. Some ask for discipline, others for a pastoral letter, a third class for separation from the evil complained of without defining the mode; one proposes the re-organization of the church to which we belong into three General Assemblies; one threatens secession if something is not done, and others ask for nothing definite. While these voluminous papers furnish a considerable variety as to tone and manner, and intimations as to the future, and likewise as to a knowledge of the intrinsic difficulties attending this complicated evil, they are sufficiently respectful in their language, and grave and weighty in their opinions and arguments, to demand the wise and prayerful consideration of this Assembly. This consideration, we believe we may say, without boasting or arrogance, they have received from your committee, and we have a cheerful confidence that they will now receive the same from this body.

The subject is not a new one; it has occupied the attention of the Presbyterian Church from the commencement of its organization—even before the General Assembly had existence; and your committee are happy to avail themselves of the lights of former times in presenting this difficult matter to you, and through you to the judicatories and churches under our care. Your committee would deprecate two errors, into which minds of different and opposite structures, on this and all similar subjects, are liable to fall. One class forget that we live in an age of progress, and the other forget that the first step in progress is not perfection. In relation to both of these great truths here alluded to, we should, as rational beings and as Christians, be ready to obey the intimations of Providence, and to follow the guidance of the torch-light of truth which the hand of God holds up before us—to go forward as that goes onward, and to move no faster than its blessed radiance is shed upon our pathway. All theories, when they come to put on the forms of experiment, must yield to the authority of uniform and universal facts; and both progressives and conservatives might render themselves much more comfortable, as well as useful in our world, if they were more deeply imbued with this one practical truth. These remarks apply with great force to all evils which are interwoven with the very texture of social organizations; and Slavery is by no means an exception. Your committee propose to embody the sentiments of this Assembly, in relation to this evil, in the following resolutions:

1 *Resolved*, "That we re-affirm the sentiments expressed by the Assembly of 1815, and especially in the following quotations:"

"The General Assembly have repeatedly declared their cordial approbation of those principles of civil liberty which seem to be recognized by the Federal and State Government in these United States. They have expressed their regret that the Slavery of the Africans and their descendants still continues in so many places, and even among those within the pale of the church; and have urged the Presbyteries under their care, to adopt such measures as will secure, at least to the rising generation of slaves, within the bounds of the church, a religious education, that they may be prepared for the exercise and enjoyment of liberty, when God in his providence may open a door for their emancipation."

Again: "the General Assembly assure all churches under their care, that they view with the deepest concern any vestiges of Slavery which may exist in our country."

And again: "The Assembly observe, that although in some sections of our country, under certain circumstances, the transfer of slaves may be unavoidable, yet they consider the buying and selling of slaves by way of traffic, and all undue severity in the management of them, as inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel. And they recommended to the Presbyteries and Sessions under their care, to make use of all prudent measures to prevent such shameful and unrighteous conduct."—See Digest, pp. 290, 340, 341.

2. *Resolved*, "That this General Assembly re affirm the opinions expressed by the General Assembly of 1848. The following extracts are commended to especial notice:"

"We consider the voluntary enslaving of one part of the human race by another, as a gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature, as utterly inconsistent with the law of God, which requires us to love our neighbour as ourselves, and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the Gospel of Christ, which enjoins that all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so unto them." Slavery creates a paradox in the moral system; it exhibits rational, accountable, and immortal beings in such circumstances, as scarcely to leave them the power of moral action. It exhibits them as dependent on the will of others, whether they shall receive religious instruction; whether they shall know or worship the true God; whether they shall enjoy the ordinances of the Gospel; whether they shall perform the duties and cherish the endearments of husbands and wives, parents and children, neighbours and friends; whether they shall preserve their chastity and purity, or regard the dictates of justice and humanity. Such are some of the consequences of Slavery, consequences not imaginary, but which connect themselves with its very existence."

Again: "From this view of the consequences resulting from a practice into which Christian people have most inconsistently fallen, of enslaving a portion of their *brethren* of mankind; for 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on the face of the earth,' it is manifestly the duty of all Christians who enjoy the light of the present day, when the inconsistency of Slavery, both with the dictates of humanity and religion, has been demonstrated, and is generally seen and acknowledged, to use their honest, earnest and unwearied endeavours to correct the errors of former times, and as speedily as possible to efface this blot on our holy religion, and to obtain the complete abolition of Slavery throughout Christendom, and, if possible, throughout the world."—See Dig., pp. 341, 342, 343.

3. *Resolved*, "That we re-affirm the 'Declaration of the General Assembly on the subject of Slavery,' made in the year 1846. The following sentiments are particularly commended to the serious and prayerful attention of our judicatories and churches:".

"The system of Slavery, as it exists in these United States, viewed either in the laws of the several States which sanction it, or in its actual operation and results in society, is intrinsically an unrighteous and oppressive system, and is opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the gospel, and to the best interests of humanity."

Again: "But while we believe that many evils incident to the system, render it important and obligatory to bear testimony against it, yet we would not undertake to determine the degree of moral turpitude on the part of individuals involved by it. This will doubtless be found to vary in the sight of God, according to the degree of light and other circumstances pertaining to each. In view of all the embarrassments and obstacles in the way of emancipation, interposed by the statutes of slaveholding States, and by the social influence affecting the views and those involved in it, we cannot pronounce a judgment of general and promiscuous condemnation implying that destitution of Christian principles and feeling which should exclude from the table of the Lord all who stand in legal relation of masters to slaves, or justify us in withholding our ecclesiastical and Christian fellowship from them.—We rather sympathize with, and would seek to succor them, in their embarrassments, believing that separation and secession among the churches and their members, are not the methods that God approves and sanctions for the reformation of His Church."—See Minutes of 1846, pp. 28, 29.

4. *Resolved*. That in the judgment of this Assembly, those declarations of former General Assemblies bear an explicit, frank, honest, and honourable testimony against the evils of Slavery, and they ought to be "known and read of all men."

The following principles are clearly stated in the documents above referred to and quoted:

1. That civil liberty is the right of man, as a rational and moral being.

2. That the institution of Slavery, in the language of a former Assembly, "is intrinsically an unrighteous and oppressive system," and injurious to the highest and best interests of all concerned in it.

3. That it is "the duty of all Christians who enjoy the light of the present day," "to use their honest, earnest, and unwearied endeavours," "as speedily as possible to efface this blot on our holy religion, and to obtain the complete abolition of Slavery throughout Christendom, and, if possible, throughout the world." This General Assembly do most solemnly exhort all under our care to perform this duty, and to be ever ready to make all necessary sacrifices in order to effect a consummation so much to be desired.

When circumstances, over which good men have not the control, inevitably prevent the attainment of this ulterior and desirable purpose at once, there are other important duties which cannot be neglected without great guilt,—such as a watchful care for the interests of the soul, direct religious instruction, and the communication of that practical knowledge of life and its objects, which may prepare this portion of our fellow man for "the exercise and enjoyment of liberty, when God, in his providence, may open a door for their emancipation."

5. There are incidental events which belong to this system, which, when they occur in the church, should be corrected by discipline—such as, "buying and selling slaves by way of traffic," and "all undue severity in the management of them." To these may be added the breaking up of the family relationships, and separating husbands and wives, parents and children;—"thus rendering it impossible for rational, moral and immortal beings to perform the duties, and cherish the endearments of social life."

All these things are fairly and fully presented in the declarations of preceeding Assemblies, and quite as explicitly before the division of the Presbyterian church, as since.

5. *Resolved*, That while we bear this testimony against the system of Slavery as it exists in this country and elsewhere, and which testimony coincides with the almost uniform testimony of all good men in every age, and especially with that borne by the fathers of the Presbyterian Church to which we have herein referred, and while we commend these *declarations of sentiment* to the attention of all the judicatories, and all the churches under our care, we feel ourselves bound to add that there has been no information before this.

The (Old School) Presbyterians at Pittsburgh adopted the following Resolutions as their Platform of Faith on the same question:

Resolved, That the principles of the Presbyterian Church on the subject of Slavery, are already set forth in repeated declarations, so full and so explicit as to need no further exposition.

Resolved, That in view of the civil and domestic nature of this institution, and competency of legislatures, alone, to remove it; and in view of the earnest, inquiring and deep agitation on the subject we now observe in one or more commonwealth of our country, where Slavery exists; it be considered peculiarly improper and inexpedient for this General Assembly to attempt or propose any measure in the work of emancipation.

Resolved, That all necessary and proper provision is already made for the just exercise of discipline, upon those who neglect or violate the mutual duties of master and servant; and the General Assembly is always ready to enforce these provisions when the unfaithfulness of any inferior court is made manifest by record—or appeal, or complaint.

Resolved, That we rejoice to believe that the action of former Assemblies, so far from aiding or allowing the iniquitous oppression of man by his fellow man, has been steadily promoting amelioration in the condition of slaves, by winning the confidence of masters in our freedom from fanaticism, and by stimulating the slave and his master alike to labour in the religious instruction of the blacks.

Resolved, That it be enjoined on the Presbyteries situated in slaveholding States, to continue and increase their exertions for the religious instruction of the slaves, and to report distinctly in the Annual Assembly the state of religion among that class of their population.

Speech of Col. Benton.

The principal topic of interest in the political world for the week is the great speech of Col. Benton in Missouri. It is of such a length as to preclude its publication in our columns, at least, at present, but we copy some extracts of its closing sections, which are in a measure, a repetition of the positions assumed in the preceeding portions:

I consider my proposition—the one with which I commenced my speech—now made good; namely, that the Resolutions of the General Assembly of which I complain are copied from those of Mr. Calhoun—that to understand *their design*, you must understand *his design*—and that, from the words of his own resolution, and from his conduct for twenty years past, the subversion of the Union is intended. In the execution of this design I cannot be an instrument, nor can I believe that the people, or the mass of the General Assembly with it; and I deem it right to have a full understanding with my constituents on the whole matter.

I, therefore, appeal from the instructions I have received, because they are in conflict with instructions already received and obeyed—because they did not emanate from any known desire, or understood will of the people—because they contain unconstitutional expositions of the Constitution which I am sworn to support—because they require me to promote disunion—because they pledge the State to co-operate with other States in eventual civil war—because they are copied from resolutions hatched for great mischief, which I have a right to oppose, and did oppose in my place of Senator in the Senate of the United States, and which I cannot cease opposing without personal disgrace and official dereliction of public duty—and because I think it due to the people to give them an opportunity to consider of proceedings so gravely affecting them, and on which they have not been consulted.

I appeal to the people—the whole body of the people. It is a question above party, and should be kept above it. I mean to keep it there.

And now I have a secret to tell, in relation to these resolutions, which I have guarded long enough. I marked their first appearance in the General Assembly, knew their origin and design, and determined to let them go on. It so happens that there are a few citizens in this State, successors to those who have passed away, and who are denominated, in the Accomac resolutions, adjuncts to Mr. Calhoun. The denomination is appropriate. Adjunct (English) is from *ad* and *junctus* (Latin), and signifies *joined to*; which this set of citizens seems to be, both soul and body, with respect to their Southern leader. These few are in a state of permanent conspiracy against me, either on their own account, or that of their "*leading friend of the South*," or both, and hatch a perpetual succession of plots against me. To go no farther back, I refer to the Summer of 1844, and the plot on the Texas Annexation question, which I will call the jews-harp plot, in consideration of the music which was to be then made upon that instrument, and to discriminate it from others. That plot showed its head, but hid itself afterward. It failed, and its contrivers went back into their perpetual state of incubation. When the Calhoun resolutions were moved in the General Assembly, and that was at the commencement of the session, I saw that a new plot was hatching, and determined to let it quit the shell. I knew that if I gave them a hint of what they were about—if I had communicated the tithe of what I have said to you to-day, it would have stopped the proceeding. But that would have done me no good. I knew it would only have postponed and changed the form of the work. I determined to let it go on, and to do nothing to alarm the operators; and for that reason wrote not a word—not a word on the subject—to any one of the hundred members who would have blown the resolutions sky high if they had known their origin and design. I did not even answer a letter from my friend who sits there (Lieut. Gov. Price.) The resolutions were introduced at the very beginning of the session; they lay torpid until its end. The plotters were waiting for the signal from the "leading friend"—waiting the Calhoun address. The moment they got it, they acted, although it was too late for the Resolutions to have the effect of instructions. They were passed after Congress had adjourned, and after it must have been believed that the subject to which they relate had been disposed of; for it was notorious that the Territorial Government bills were in process of enactment, and in fact they only failed after midnight on the last night of the session, and that on disagreement between the two Houses; and their failure, on the 3d of March, was not known at Jefferson on the 7th—the day of passing the Resolutions. It was too late to pass the Resolutions for the purpose of instructing me how to vote at Washington. It was too late for that; but was early enough for the Summer campaign at home. [illegible] were passed? and now I have them. I mean the plotters; and between them and me, henceforth and forever, a high wall and a deep ditch! and no communion, no compromise, no caucus with them. Nor does it require any boldness, on my part, to give them defiance. There are only a dozen of them—a baker's dozen, perhaps—and half of them outside of the Legislature. Woe to judges, if any such there are in this work! The children of Israel could not stand the government of judges; neither can we.

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Citizens! I have finished the view which I proposed to take of the subject which has induced my appeal to the people; but there are other matters upon which my constituents desire to hear from me, and in which desire it is right they should be gratified.

"Barnhurner." And what did I go to New York for last Summer but to use my utmost exertions to prevent Mr. Van Buren and his friends from engaging in the Buffalo Convention? I went there, that is certain. My public speeches show that I went for that object, and the newspapers in the interest of those called Barnhurners all assailed me for doing so, not with billingsgate and as blackguards, and with keen reproaches for coming out of my State, contrary to the practice of my life, to interfere in the politics of another State, and that against those who had always been my friends. My answer was, that I came to use the privilege of an old friend—to give my opinion that the separate organization contemplated was wrong in principle, and would be injurious to those engaged in it; and, what was more, injurious to the great party to which they belonged. Such was the object of my visit to New York, and such my reception. The event disappointed my hopes and expectations, and I had my trouble for my pains, and a good deal of newspaper condemnation into the bargain. All this was public and notorious, published in all the newspapers and known to everybody. There is not a man in Missouri that does not know it. And now, what are we to think of the language applied to me? It shows the character of the plotters, and that they will nullify and falsify public recorded history to vilify me.

"The Wilmot Proviso." Well! I think it is the Jefferson Proviso—the same that Mr. Jefferson drew up for the North Western Territory, in 1784; which was adopted in the Congress of the Confederation of 1787, with the unanimous voice of the slaveholding States; was ratified by the Virginia General Assembly the 30th of December, 1788; which was applied by the Congress of 1820 to all the upper half of Louisiana; which was applied by the Congress of 1848 to the Oregon Territory; which was recommended for the new Territories by the Missouri General Assembly, February 15, 1847, and never attempted to be condemned until Friday, (a day of omen) the 19th of Feb. 1847, just four days after the date of the Missouri recommendations, when Calhoun brought in his resolutions declaring it unconstitutional, insulting to the States, and subversive to the Union. I think Mr. Jefferson, and not Davy Wilmot, was the author of this Proviso, and that it should bear his name, and not Davy's. With respect to the character of the proviso, if it should be prescribed by Congress for any new Territory, I think it will remain just what it has been for sixty years—a constitutional provision, made in pursuance of the Constitution; and that, being so made, it is binding upon all law abiding citizens, and that its resistance by force and arms, militarily, would be treason against the United States, and punishable by death under the laws of the land. With respect to the expediency of the act, there is no necessity for it, and there are prudential reasons why it should not be passed. California and New Mexico are now free from Slavery both by law and by fact; and will forever remain free from it, both by law and in fact. As a general proposition, unnecessary laws ought not to be passed; but if it is passed, it is an empty provison, having no practical effect whatever. To make an issue against it between the North and South is unwise, for it is an issue about nothing, and on the part of the South an issue made for defeat, for Delaware has instructed it; and that insures a majority in the Senate for the proviso, there being already a large majority in the House of Representatives instructed for it.

But there is a stronger reason to claim forbearance. This proviso is the last card in Calhoun's hand! his last stake in the slippery game which he has been playing. Take that last card from him, and his game is up:—bankruptcy comes upon him—political bankruptcy—and he must be driven to take the act. He will have to haul down his sign—close his doors—shut up shop—and give in a schedule of his effects and stock in trade; and a beautiful schedule it will be. Let us see some items of it—a few, be way of sample:

Imprimis: United States Bank Charter in 1816—opposition to it when he joined Jackson in 1830—recharter for 12 years to the Bank when he turned against Jackson—1834.

Item: Protective Tariff and Cotton Minimum in 1816; and Nullification and Disunion for the same in 1830.

Item: General International Improvement by the Federal Government in 1823; denial of the whole power afterward; and admission of half the power at the Memphis Convention.

Item: Solemn written opinion in Mr. Monroe's Cabinet in favour of the power of Congress to abolish Slavery in the Territories, and in favour of the exercise of that power over the whole of Upper Louisiana north and west of Missouri; together with the resolutions in the Senate of the United States in 1847 denying that power *in toto*. *Nota bene*. The written opinion is lost or mislaid, but its existence can be proved, and that is good both in law and equity.

Item: Opinion of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet in 1819 in favour of giving away Texas when we possessed her, and the London abolition plot invented afterward to get up a Slavery agitation for political purposes in getting her back.

Item: All the Abolition plots invented for ten years and charged upon Lord Aberdeen, the World's Convention, incendiary petitions, and incendiary communications through the mail.

Item: The Diplomatic correspondence with Foreign Governments on the subject of Slavery while Secretary of State under (or over) Tyler, and especially the autograph letter of forty foolscap pages to the King of the French, to indoctrinate him into the new and sublime science of Negro-ology.

Item: Speeches and resolutions against the conduct of Great Britain in protecting and liberating slaves guilty of piracy and murder on board American ships, going from one port of the United States to another, and demands for redress; and subsequent contradiction of all such speeches and resolutions in the Ashburton treaty.

Item: New mode of amending the Constitution of the United States on the subject of internal improvement, by making inland seas out of a river and three States—invented at the Memphis Convention.

Item: Opposition to the highway of nations between St. Louis and San Francisco, because part of it will have to go through free soil; and besides, when the Union is dissolved the road would be on the wrong side of the line.

Item: The bones of 3,000 followers strewed along my political path since the first commencement of nullification and disunion in 1836.

Item: The army of political martyrs preparing to march to the Southern Convention, preceded by the "forlorn hope" from Missouri, and having for its banner the Accomac resolutions.

Drive him to the schedule, and the country will have peace?

"My opinions." They are wanted. Heretofore the public acts of public men have stood for their opinions: it has been only the new men, unknown by their acts, that they have been subjected to political catechism. Thirty years almost I have been in the Senate, and during that time have always been a voter, and often a speaker on this subject of Slavery; and commenced with it in my own State. I was politically born out of a slave agitation—out of the Missouri restriction controversy and have acted an open part on it from the time it began to the present day. My writings had some influence on the formation of the Constitution of this State. They were pretty well known then, though forgotten now. They contributed to keep off restriction, and to insert the clause in the Constitution for the sanction of Slavery. I urged the putting it in the Constitution, for the express purpose of giving security to property, and preventing agitation. I wanted peace from the question at home, and contributed to provide for it, by contributing to put that clause in the Constitution; and now it is hard that we should have an agitation imported, or transported upon us, to harrass us about Slavery, when we have taken such care to keep out agitation. My votes in Congress have been consistent with my conduct at home—non-interference, and tranquillity to the people—security to property—and tranquillity to the people. In thirty years I have not given a vote that has been complained of. I have voted thirty years, avoiding all extremes, and giving satisfaction. The old generation, and the generation that has been born during that time, ought to consider this, so far as to let it stand as the evidence of my opinions. But it will not do. Finding nothing in the past to condemn, some people must go into futurity, to see if anything can be found there! and even into my bosom, to see if anything is hid there, which can be condemned. Very good; they shall know my opinions. And first, they may see them in my public acts—in my proposals for the admission of Texas five years ago, in which I proposed to limit the western extension of Slavery by longitudinal line, I believe the 100th degree of west longitude—next in my votes upon the Oregon bill, in which I opposed the introduction of Slavery there—and, again in my letter to the people of Oregon, in which I declare myself to be no propagandist of Slavery. These were public acts. But you want public declarations of personal sentiments; very good; you shall have them. My personal sentiments then, are against the institution of Slavery, and against its introduction into places in which it does not exist. If there was no Slavery in Missouri to-day, I should oppose its coming in; if there was none in the United States, I should oppose its coming into the United States; as there is none in New Mexico or California I am against sending it to those territories, and could not vote for such a measure—a declaration which costs me but little, the whole dispute being about the abstract right of carrying slaves there, without the exercise of the right. No one asks for the exercise of it, and cannot ask it in the face of the dogma which denies the power to grant it. States do as they please. These are my principles; and they reduce the difference between Mr. Calhoun and myself to the difference between refusing and not asking. And for this the Union is to be subverted! Oh! metaphysics! political metaphysics! far better stick to the innocent business of amending the Constitution by putting three States and a river together!

If any one wishes to know still more about my principles on Slavery, I will give him a reference: he may find them in Tucker's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries (appendix to the second volume), where I imbibed forty four years ago, when a student at law, and have held fast to them ever since, all but the remedy, and the difficulty of that is one of the evils itself of Slavery, and one of the arguments against one set of people putting it upon another, and a distant set of people, especially while they are lifting their imploring hands against it.

To finish this personal exposition, I have to say that my profession and conduct—no unusual thing with frail humanity—do not agree. I was born to the inheritance of slaves, and have never been without them. I have bought some, but only on their own entreaty, and to save them from execution sales: I have sold some, but only for misconduct. I have had two taken from me by the Abolitionists, and never inquired after them; and liberated a third, who would not go with them. I have slaves now in Kentucky, who were elevated to the dignity of real estate, by being removed from Missouri to Kentucky; and will have to descend next Fall to the low degree of a chattel interest in spite of the laws of Kentucky, when I shall remove them back to Missouri. And I have slaves in Washington City—perhaps the only member of Congress who has any there—and am not the least afraid that Congress will pass any law to affect this property either there or here.

I have made no slave speeches in Congress, and do not mean to make them. Property is timid; and slave property above all. It is not right to disturb the quietude of the owner—to harrass him with groundless apprehensions. It is a private wrong to disturb a single individual, by making him believe, untruly, that his property is insecure. It becomes a public evil to disturb a whole community.—It creates a general uneasiness, generates animosities, deranges business, and often leads to hasty and improvident legislation. I have seen no danger to the slave property of any State in this Union by the action of Congress; and cannot contribute to alarm the country by engaging in discussions which assert or imply danger.

But I have a still higher reason for not engaging in these discussions. We are a Republic—the head of that form of government—and owe a great example to a struggling and agonized world. And the American States of Spanish origin, in spite of the difference of religion, language, manners, customs, have imitated our example; Europe is now attempting to imitate it. Liberty is now struggling in ancient Empires, and her votaries are looking to us for the exemplification of the blessings of which she is in search, and for an argument in favour of her efforts—what do they see? wrangling and strife, and bitter denunciations, and threats of separation. They see a quarrel about Slavery! to them a strange and incomprehensible cause of quarrel. They see Slavery and Disunion coupled in one eternal wrangle. They see us almost in a state of disorganization—legislation paralyzed—distant territories left without government—insult, violence, outrage on the floors of Congress—disunion threatened. Their hearts are chilled at this sad spectacle; their enemies rejoice at it; and by every mail ship that leaves our shores, the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe send forth the record of our debates to encourage the enemies, and to confound the friends of freedom. France—all parts of Italy—even the papal States; all parts of Germany—even the old and gloomy Empire of Austria—all, all are struggling for liberty, and turning anxious looks to us for aid and succor, not by the moral aid of a grand example. They look in vain. Our example is against them; and if the present struggle for liberty shall again miscarry in Europe, we may take to our selves a large share of the blame. Once called the model Republic by our friends, we are now so called in derision by our foes; and the Slavery discussions and dissentions quoted as the proofs of the impracticable form of government which we have adopted. I cannot engage in such discussions, nor do anything to embarrass the cause of struggling freedom throughout Europe. Nor can I disparage the work, or abuse the gift of our ancestors. Never has there appeared upon earth a body of men who left a richer inheritance, or a nobler example to their posterity. Wisdom, modesty, decorum, forbearance, dignity, moderation, pervaded all their works, and characterised all their conduct. They conducted a Revolution with the order of an old established Government; they founded a new Government with the wisdom of ages; they administered it in their day with temperance and judgment. They left us the admiration and the envy of the friends of freedom throughout the world. And are we, their posterity, in the second generation, to spoil this rich inheritance—mar this noble work—discredit this great example—and throw the weight of the Republic against the friends of republicanism in their deadly struggle? I cannot do it. Taught to admire the founders of my Government in my early youth, I reverence them now; taught to value their work then, I worship it now; a Senator for thirty years, I cannot degrade the Senate by engaging in Slavery and disunion discussions. Silence such debate is my prayer, and if that cannot be done, I silence myself.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Faneuil Hall, Boston.

WENDELL PHILLIPS then took the platform, and spoke, in substance, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN,—The friend who had just preceded me belongs to a race usually described as degraded inferior. I ask you, fellow citizens, with no idea of complimenting him, but in the utmost sincerity, which of the men that you are accustomed to consider most eloquent in Massachusetts, would willingly follow that speech, and venture a comparison with it, white man and educated though he may be? You ask us what we have done in the Anti-Slavery enterprise? If we had done nothing else, it is sufficient merit that we have taken FREDERICK DOUGLASS from a Maryland plantation, and placed him on the platform of Faneuil Hall—(applause). God gave him his eloquence—a coal from his own altar; but we, at least, can claim that, through our efforts, he has an audience in Massachusetts.

I have spent many years in speaking on this question of Slavery to my fellow-citizens, but, if I had done nothing else but to perform the humble office of being a connecting link between the electricity of that eloquent spirit, and the humanity and religion of Christendom, so that in its focus the broad pretensions of American religion and regard for liberty shall be shrivelled up, and pass away, I shall, feel, at least, that I have not lived in vain.

It is the slave, the fugitive slave from the plantation, whose tongue, inspired by oppression, speaks most forcibly to the American people.

I know you may charge me with exaggeration; but I want you to look at one man, at least. Here is a man, who has come into Boston, into Massachusetts, a fugitive. [Mr. Henry *Box* Brown, the escaped slave, here came upon the platform, and was received with hearty applause.] This man came from the slave plantations at the South, in the box to which my friend referred at the commencement of the meeting, and he tells us that, when the box was turned upside down, for some twenty miles, and he felt the blood rushing downward with suffocating power into his head, he resolved that he would die there, before uttering a sound that would betray him—(cheers).

Fellow-citizens, we stand in Faneuil Hall; and we boast that those men, whose portraits are suspended around us, were *our* fathers. But blood does not make the most real parentage. I ask you, lovers of freedom, who in the year 1849, is the nearer child of HANCOCK and ADAMS, in venturing everything for liberty, this man or ourselves? (I, when history goes up and down this generation hereafter, to touch this and the other head with the torch of immortality, do you think our names will be remembered—we, who may have passed our lives reputably, decently, and at ease? No; when we shall rot in the common sod, the romance, the deep and thrilling interest of the coming generation, will linger about those who, alone against a whole people, have dared everything for liberty. These are the TELLS and the ROLANDS, the true heroes of story and song—(applause).

You have all of you been reading Macaulay. The press could not pour out its pages fast enough for you. You admire the endurance of Elizabeth Gaunt and the Duke of Argyle. Elizabeth Gaunt, and John, Duke of Argyle! Why, every pulpit in the country was pregnant with petitions for them. The spectators that clustered around them bade them God-speed, in spite of Jeffries and the hangman. The sympathies of England sustained them in their trials. Half the land was on its knees in their behalf. Here was a man suffocating—about to die, and he knew if he died, there was hardly one press, from Maine to Georgia, but would regard his death with scorn; that there was hardly one press, from Maine to Georgia, but would regard his death with scorn; that there was hardly a pulpit that would put up a petition in behalf of himself or the swarming millions of his oppressed countrymen, no matter the devotion and self-sacrifice they might evince;—yet he dared to die, alone and unpitied, for liberty—(applause). He took his life in his hand—looked in the faces of the white race around him, saw in none the the lines of sympathy or tear of pity—and yet he shrank not. We say, in behalf of this man, whom God created, and whom law-abiding WEBSTER and WINTHROP swore should find no shelter on the soil of Massachusetts—we say that they may make their little motions, and pass their little laws, in Washington, but that FANEUIL HALL REPEALS THEM, in the name of the humanity of Massachusetts—(great applause). What shall history tell of WINTHROP and WEBSTER? Winthrop built the Custom House by his diligence in speech-making, and Webster built the mills at Lowell by his well-remunerated toil. There stands the man, (pointing to Mr. GARRISON), who made us able to say, with some little share of truth,—Slaves cannot breathe in Massachusetts! They touch our country, and their shackles fall!—(applause). WEBSTER says we are a law-abiding people. Let him come and try, in the case of these fugitives. Let him get HENRY BROWN from the fangs o the Abolitionists, if he can!—(Cheers). Give us the Bible for a text-book, and Faneuil Hall for a pulpit, and we will yet control the moral sentiment of this nation, though we give you the odds of thirty thousand pro-slavery ministers—(cheers).

Now, friends, we draw to the close of this Convention. It falls to my lot, at this late hour, to say a few closing words to those who have come to listen to its delibera tions. You may have thought that we were extrava gant and unreasonable in argument, but we spoke ou hearty convictions—we spoke the truth. You entere the religious anniversary meetings, and you saw the platform crowded with the well-fed, the well-paid, the respectable clergy of Massachusetts. It is natural the should speak well of the institution which support them, and which they support. This platform is crowd ed, but it is with *fugitive slaves*. Yes, we gather the by the dozens, to-day—fugitives from the Church and State of America—(sensation).

We have it stated in a Georgia paper, that Elle Crafts is dead. She is dead to the slave institution. You know when a woman enters a convent, they chang her name, and cut her hair, she is considered dead the community out of which she came, in Catholic cou tries. Well, Ellen Crafts has come to Massachusetts she has changed her name, she is dead to Slavery, an to the country out of which she came, and baptize we trust, into a liberty which seeks to stay itself on the rising humanity of the Commonwealth.

I hold in my hand a paper from that saviour of the slave, JONATHAN WALKER—the noblest hand in America, that on which your Government has stamp the initials, S S—SLAVE SAVIOUR, as it should read. contains the following resolution:

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply and warm with those self-sacrificing and [illegible] heroes, who a now suffering a cruel imprisonment in the District Columbia and the several States, for deeds of humani and justice to their outraged and down-trodden bret ren.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," says t Great Master. Here are the two men who have mo pre-eminently obeyed the command from the Mou Do you hear any such expressions of sympathy in a religious gathering in Boston? I trow not. I have a ded, on the other side of this resolution, the following

And further, Resolved, That the best way we kn of to express efficiently our sympathy and respect, is labour for the overthrow of that Union which buil the dungeon, and that Church which bolts its doors.

Now, friends, and Mr Chairman, we do not ma this nation. We are a small band of individuals, w but little influence, and with but few years over o heads to give us time for influence. This nation a its institutions have come out of the bosom of Ame can Christianity and American law. All the fau we find with them are traceable to these.

Fellow-citizens, when such a man as FREDERI DOUGLASS tells you his history, the result of Americ prejudice—speaks the honest indignation of his r against his wrongs—when he tells you of your own co duct towards him—keep your hands by your sid Hush those echoing plaudits of yours, keep sile What right have you to applaud? What have you d to aid the slave to his liberty? What have you do to open this Hall for his welcome? None but cle hands have the right to welcome this hero of the b those only that have laboured to create that public s timent here which alone encouraged him to his ha attempt. You who swear so often personally, or deputy, to support the laws from which he fled, why you bless his flight? Can he find shelter in any pu in Boston? How many? One, two, or three, al Do one of two things—confess that your hearts bl for the deeds your hands are not ashamed to do; or coin your plaudits into statutes, and then we will cry, 'God save the slave sheltering Commonwealth Massachusetts!'

Friends, let me contrast this story of FREDERI DOUGLASS, to-night with one of the men who is so torious at the present moment in the commun There is a fugitive sitting here from St. Louis—WM. BROWN. He was sitting in one of the cars that from New York to Boston, a fortnight since, when [illegible] entered. The Englishman, fresh from the [illegible] itutions of the mother country, walked up to the where Brown was sitting, and said: 'May I share seat with you, sir?' And upon receiving an affirma answer, sat down by him—(applause). That is E lish courtesy and gentility—make the best of it! pare it with the conduct of the captain and gentle of the steamer Alida toward FREDERICK DOUGLASS his friends, and say which you like the best. I g the Christianity of the Old World. I go for the c tesy of the mother country. So far as my humble fluence is concerned, I mean to make NEW Eng worthy the name she bears—to rock her religiou dies till we stir them into healthful life—(che

We shall do it yet. This meeting has been atte far more fully and respectably than any that has needed it. Oh, the times have changed! How m We were first addressed, this evening, by the Rev MUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse. The time has been w that man went before the Legislature of Massachuse to appeal against the recommendation of EDWARD ERETT that he should not be made indictable by mon law for speaking his thoughts in Boston. Edw EVERETT, if up for an office before the people, w be glad now if this same SAMUEL J. MAY would him a clean bill of health, (laughter), or if the A litionists of Massachusetts were to say amen to his n nation. We have changed the tone of public senti greatly, or, rather, events have changed it for us any rate, the fugitive slave selects Massachusett his [illegible] idence. She is an asylum for the flying man to some extent. Put that down, then, to our dit. What we want of you, fellow citizens, is to in tigate the question at issue between us as Abolition and the Church of New England. We have no discussion. We want the Church tried by a jur honest, God-fearing men. The verdict, we can pr we will not be brought in against the rights of kind. Yes, we will even be judged by the event— which side beats in the coming ten years. No rep tion, however sanctified by the associations of the can stand before the rising humanity of the pe You uphold the name of HENRY CLAY—applaud the echo whenever mentioned. You do not ever his talents. Where is the man who can match h eloquence, where is the man that could have swep North—its commerce, agriculture manufactures such a mass of admiring enthusiasm, as he [illegible] What has made his life a wreck and ruined his h al prospects? He endeavoured to hold the bal between the rising feeling of the North and the po [illegible] of South [illegible] na. But he failed, and wa [illegible] like chaff before the onward progress of the Am can people. There never was a greater triumph ver did simple principle so set up and pull down powers, as in these last ten years. Oh, God has been among us! The follies of our enemies, that have sent these living epistles, speaking to us to-night, among us, have wrought the change. Christianity, carried out in its true sense, has done the work. Be true to it—to our great enterprise! Redeem religion from the pollutions of those who undertake to misrepresent it! Redeem liberty from the traitors who go up to Washington to sacrifice it annually! Give us an echo from Faneuil Hall that shall arouse the people of the Southern States—not in the name of *humanity*, but of the LAW of Massachusetts, that these fugitive slaves are your citizens, never to be hunted from their adopted soil! (Cheers).

Fellow-citizens, whether you like it or not, we mean to free ourselves—clear our consciences in the Annual Meeting, and in the prosecution of this work. In that dire tragedy of Alton, where fell the only Anglo-Saxon martyr for the liberty of the press within the last two hundred years—the mob encouraged each other by asking—"What will they think of us in Boston?" That was but a short time after Otis had made his libation to Slavery in this Hall—when Sprague pointed to Washington as "that slaveholder," as if Washington's great characteristic merit was that of being a *slaveholder*. (Hisses and applause). Oh, let American history say everything of WASHINGTON, but that he bought his fellow-men; and when she comes to that blot upon the otherwise almost stainless idol of our worship, let her place her hand on her lips, and her lips in the dust. (applause). It was on the platform in Faneuil Hall, that an applauded allusion was made to the only blot on the character of Washington. It went forth from this hall, as far west as the waters of the Mississippi, and the ruthless mob gathered to crimson those virgin waters with the noblest blood that has ever mingled there. They said to each other, as they assembled, what will they think of us in Boston? It was on infamous notoriety and companionship. All the meetings which have been held in this hall since, have not blotted that transaction out of the history of time. But we will blot it out, fellow-citizens. We will let a voice go forth from the State House, in the name of the enacted law of Massachusetts, that shall make the world forget that infamous companionship; and it shall find, too, a warmer echo than the banks of the Mississippi. It will find an echo in every slave hut and heart of the South, when, breaking from the bloody sisterhood, we welcome every down-trodden bondman to the safe asylum of our soil; that wherever the power of the Old Commonwealth's example is felt, the slave may feel her mercy too."—(great cheering).

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Quincy's speech in the Report of the New England Convention, for "*brother* Storrs, read *Doctor* Storrs."

THE CHOLERA.—This epidemic is on the increase. The report for the week is as follows:

	No. Cases.	Deaths.
Wednesday	60	10
Thursday	39	10
Friday	26	12
Saturday	40	19
Sunday	16	10
Monday	24	12
Tuesday	36	19

☞ Errors of omission and commission in this week's paper must be pardoned to the temporary indisposition of the editor.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. XL.

THE ARGUMENT—*The Holy Week—Perils by Water—The Correspondent's Theory of Fire and Water—Effect on the Anti-Slavery Convention—Philosophy of attendance at them—The Convention—The fugitives—The Correspondent's Theory of Blushing—The Free Soil Party—The Church—Mr. Foster's Theromachy—His enemies made his footstool—The Unitarians—The Protest—Dr. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans—His testamentary repentance—Mr. Phillips's parallel—Its quadrupedal character—The Unitarian Revival—The Correspondent giveth his opinion—The Prisoner's Convention—Capital Punishment—Barbarous Murder of Goode—Sheriff Eveleth's party of pleasure—The ministers—Mr. Taylor—His Prayer—Testimonies against the deed—Gov. Briggs's evasion from the State—The 25 000 petitioners—Evangelical support of the Gallows—Words of Warning—Rabble and Chief Priests—Points of Resemblance and Difference, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, June 3d, 1849.

Our Holy Week is just over. The skies have not smiled upon us, whatever the Heavens may have done. The weather was of the most cross-grained and ill-conditioned description possible. Rain, rain, rain!

"Water, water, everywhere!"

It was an evil season for the musterings of the militia of the flesh and of the spirit, which are appointed for this time. The party-coloured defenders of the State and the black-coated champions of the Church, suffered alike. Cock's tails and white cravats were equally at a discount. Sunrise prayer-meetings and noonday parades were alike ineffectual to cork up the unstopped bottles of Heaven. Last year it was the same. It is to be feared that the weather may have contracted an hysterical habit recurring regularly, at this time of year. Were it not for the Anti-Slavery Meetings being held during the same week, I should think that it was an especial manifestation of displeasure at the short-comings of this Pharisaic generation. Perhaps, however, there are but just righteous men enough to be found to prevent *the fire* from coming down from Heaven, and we must be content to compound for *the water*.

What effect these "great outrages of weather" had upon the other Meetings, I cannot say; but they make no appreciable impression upon ours. The attendance was never greater. I think never so great during the day sessions. The excellence of the entertainment which is spread out at the Anti-Slavery Conventions is now such a fixed fact, that we are as independent of the skiey influences as a Star just from the London boards, or a Prima Donna fresh from Italy. People can't keep away from our meetings. They go to the other Anniversaries, and after they have been choked with the saw-dust with which they are there fed out of wooden spoons, they thirstily hurry to the Anti-Slavery meeting to get the taste taken out of their mouths. The very ministers cannot pass us by on the other side.—The outskirts of the assembly usually display a fringe of white cravats, affording an agreeable relief to that portion of our scenery. Very few of the saints, whether clerical or laic, fail to look in upon us in the course of their annual sojourn. And they usually pick up some crumbs, if not of comfort, at least of edification, if they ponder and inwardly digest them at their leisure.

As I suppose you will have a report of the Convention in the same number that will contain this letter, it is unnecessary for me to give you any particulars of the doings. The personal narratives of Brown of the Box, and of William and Ellen Crafts, gave great interest to one of the evening sessions. Though there were some slight indications of a riotous disposition on the part of a portion of the audience, they were quite quelled by the interest their stories excited. The sight of six fugitive slaves on the platform at once, the three just mentioned, W. W. Brown, Lewis Hayden and Henry Watson, made an obvious impression. Mr. Douglass, who would have made the seventh had not then arrived. These are witnesses that cannot be gainsaid nor resisted.

"———— These are counsellors
That feelingly persuade us what we are!"

To wit, among the meanest and most contemptible of human beings, while we suffer such things to be for fear of disturbing our own ease in State and Church,—at our ballot boxes and in our pews. If anything will make "an enlightened American citizen" ashamed of himself, surely it would be the sight of a fugitive slave giving the lie to all his vapouring pretensions. But you might as soon expect him to give up going to meeting, chewing tobacco, or spitting, as to blush at anything. It would be a deadly blow at his respectability and comfort.

The Free Soil party had its measure meted out to it on the first day. It was weighed in the balances which it had sealed for itself and it was pronounced wanting. The degree of merit which its best members deserved was allowed to them; but the general injurious effect of the movement upon the Anti-Slavery Enterprise was demonstrated, and the only effectual door of escape pointed out. The chief of the other two days was devoted to the back-sliding and short-comings of the American Church. Mr. Foster fought with the wild beasts of our Ephesus for one afternoon, and had all his enemies put under his feet in the most triumphant manner. His extreme positions drew down a storm of hisses and hootings; but he was as thoroughly armed with proof if not in proof, and so ready with reasons for the faith that was in him, that his adversaries were fairly silenced. In the most truly Socratic manner he would lay down premises which no one could deny, and then advancing from admission to admission, he drew his conclusions as to the Anti-Christian and inhuman character of the Boston Churches so inevitably that no dog durst wag his tongue against them. The Rev. Messrs. Dall and De Lange, who were the only ones who controverted his positions, did in fact admit the general truth of his statements and deductions; claiming only the exception of certain rare instances of individual cases,—which he was, of course, ready to make, when substantiated.

The sins of the Unitarian Church were in an especial manner set in order before them, as was proper in this the Capitol of that Faith. It was asked how many of the Signers of the Protest against Slavery, of two years since had redeemed their pledges therein recorded? And how many of the few that had attempted it had been able to keep their parishes? The comfortable relations of nearly all Northern Unitarian ministers and churches with their Southern slaveholding brethren, was commented upon, and particularly the joy expressed by the New York *Inquirer*, the chief organ of the denomination, that the Rev. Dr. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, the same eminent Divine who made the striking theological discovery that God is a slave-dealer—"here we see God himself, dealing in slaves,"—had definitely taken ground as a Unitarian. Mr. Dall, indeed, stated that Dr. Clapp (if he be a Doctor,—he, certainly, deserves to be one;) had changed his views in the matter of Slavery and Almighty slave-trading since his famous (not to qualify the adjective by any ungracious preliminary particle,) sermon of some dozen years since. He said that Dr. Clapp was near the end of his life, and had prepared a statement of his change of opinions on this subject, which he had entrusted to a friend, to be published after his death, not esteeming it prudent, and perhaps not safe, to make such a demonstration during his life!

Mr Phillips, in the course of some strictures on this Parthian shaft, aimed by Dr. C., from the tomb, at an Institution which in life, had given him the means whereby he lived, illustrated this singular case of obtaining salary and credit by false pretences while alive, and paying it back by a draught from the other world, by the remark Boswell records of Dr. Johnson, upon Bolingbroke's posthumous attack upon Christianity. His lordship left a legacy to David Mallet to publish the work after his death, upon which the Lexicographer exclaimed—"A scoundrel, who had spent his life in charging a pop-gun against Religion! And a coward, who, afraid of the report in his life-time, left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to pull the trigger after he was dead!" As, according to the pious Recorder of New Orleans (who, for all that appears, may be one of Dr. C.'s parishioners,) in his admonition to the unlucky corpor[illegible] who had unwittingly given a bible to a slave, "the people of the South regard Slavery as [illegible] to them than Religion itself," it must be admitted that the parallel runs on all fours.

The unlucky Unitarians, here, driven to desperation by the cross-fires of Parkerism on the one side, and of Orthodoxy on the other, have resorted to a desperate remedy. They have been trying all Winter *to get up a revival*. They have been through the regular *curriculum* of prayer meetings, conference meetings, inquiry meetings, &c., by which, as long as it was of any use, the regular Revivalists used to try to generate the spiritual steam. I know all about it, having passed unsinged through the fires of two revivals and a half, when I was at school, where after the most straitest sect of our religion, I was brought up at Andover. The newspaper reports of the Conference meetings were very funny. They were usually presided over and addressed by distinguished laymen, generally reeking from the fight for Old Zach, who, most of them, held forth in strains which would have done no discredit to a deacon of the Old South Church. Mr. Abbott Lawrence, for instance, on one occasion, made an exhortation which, for edifying and fructifying words, need not have made Elder Knapp, or Elder Swan ashamed. The effects of this playing at Orthodoxy on the congregation I have not heard. But I apprehend it will be found to be a mistaken game. A *Brummagem* Calvanism can never be substituted for old-fashioned Unitarianism. If the religious fervours *sought* for can be excited, the neophytes will naturally gravitate to the evangelical sects whose "properties" they are. And those who seek only for peace will be apt to look for it in the infallible bosom of High Church or of the Scarlet Lady.

After the triumphant winding up of the Convention at Faneuil Hall, the brilliant speeches at which. I trust, will be reported in full, the Convention of the Friends of the Prisoners was held the next day at the Melodeon. The attendance was very large, and the interest excited by the discussions evidently deep. The question of Capital Punishment was naturally the one that occupied the chief attention. For all minds were yet full of the bloody butchery of the week before. The million inhabitants of Massachusetts, by the hands of their chief hangman, George N. Briggs, and his deputy, Joseph Eveleth, had protected themselves against a dying negro by carrying him in their arms to the scaffold and breaking his neck to the glory of God and their own unspeakable comfort. The poor wretch had tried to save his enemies from the trouble of murdering him by suicide, the night before; but by the vigilance of the watchers and the skill of the surgeon, anxious that the Church and the world should not be deprived of the edifying spectacle of his strangulations, his purpose was frustrated. Why could they not have suffered him to die in his own way? A little blindness, a little deafness, might surely have been pardoned in such a case.

"Vex not his ghost! O, let him pass! He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!"

But I suppose the poor creatures thought it their miserable duty, lessoned as they were by their betters.

The unhappy wretch was placed on the drop in a state of insensibility and killed in that condition. I suppose a more revolting scene was never enacted on a like occasion. But Mr. Sheriff Eveleth had different ideas as to its attractions. He was bound by law to have twelve witnesses, I think, besides certain officials, to see that his job was done in a workmanlike manner. But this could not satisfy his generous ambition. He issued cards of invitation to his friends, some say, to the number of several hundred, to come and see how featly he could break the neck of a wretch tied hand and foot and insensible from loss of blood! It would be well for those whose business it is to inquire whether he, or any of his deputies, took money of these privileged spectators for their morning's diversion. No less than *nine* ministers were let loose upon the poor creature the day before his murder! It is no wonder that he was driven to desperation and suicide. Some half dozen hovered round him to the last, among them the Rev. Edward T. Taylor, who prayed that all present might understand the philosophy of hanging (I quote the sense, not the words) and he delivered from "*the sentimentalism*" prevalent on this subject And so they strangled him together, and wiped their mouths and thanked God, and said, we have done no wickedness!

The owners of houses and sheds in the neighbourhood drove a good business by letting out places to see the show. One poor woman, however, was found to bear a testimony against the deed. One came and offered her half-a-dollar for a place at her window, overlooking the jail-yard. On her refusing, he increased his offer till it amounted to five dollars for a single seat. She refused, saying that she was poor and greatly needed the money; but that no one should use her house for such a purpose. And she kept all her shutters shut till the bloody business was over! Mr. Chase, the Daguerreotypist, also shut his rooms, veiling his sign in crape and putting a placard saying that as a brother man was to be hanged that day, no business would be done there.

While this cruel work was going forward Gov Briggs had fled out of the State and was solacing himself in some Baptist Assembly! What business had he to sneak away from his Government and skulk among his sectarian parasites, at the very moment the most awful of his official responsibilities had occurred? How did he know that circumstances might not be developed on the very eve of the execution which would demand a reprieve or a pardon? What right had he to be out of reach at such a moment? Much more to be beyond the limits of his jurisdiction?

It is, certainly, an encouraging fact that 25,000 persons could be found in three weeks time to ask for a commutation in such a case as Goode's—a friendless negro, with no claim upon them but his humanity. It shows a deep-seated and growing abhorrence of this barbarism, which not all the Evangelical piety in the land can always hinder from crystallizing itself into law. It is the desperation with which the Evangelical Sects cling to the gallows, as the main pillar of their theological systems, that has preserved it to this day. The Humanity of the Age will yet prove too strong for its Theology, when it does, the Reverend champions of hanging may find their pulpits shattered, by the fall of the gallows tree, under whose shadow they delight to sit.

When the Rev. Mr. Whittemore, at the Meeting, affirmed that it was the rabble that clamoured for hanging as they did in Christ's day for Crucifixion, a voice exclaimed "and the Chief Priests!" Mr. W. accepted the amendment, adding that the Chief Priests and the rabble were often one and the same thing. But there is this special difference between the two. The rabble love a hanging as a barbarous excitement and cruel diversion. The Chief Priests as an illustration of the Ways of God to Man. The one only degrade themselves. The other blaspheme their Maker, too. But I am transcending my due limits and may as well stop here as anywhere.—D. Y.

For the Anti Slavery Standard.

An Appeal *to the Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who rejected the amendment to the fifth resolution, offered by Lucretia Mott, proposing to withdraw commercial fellowship from slaveholders.*

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—For the sake of the righteousness and humanity you advocate, I humbly entreat your review of your vote, refusing to add the words "or commercially," to your resolution protesting against political, and religious communion with the oppressors of our brethren.

Permit me to propose two questions for your consideration. 1st. Is a *commercial* union with slaveholders any more consistent with our avowed principles, or with our main object of abolishing the system of oppression, than a union of a *political* or *religious* nature?

2d. Are the objections against dissolving our commercial relation with slaveholders, any more valid in principle, than the objections against dissolving our political and religious relations?

We proclaim to all men that the enslavement of a fellow-being is a robbery of his inalienable and God-given right to liberty. That it is *man-stealing*. A fraudulent appropriation to our own use of that which belongs to another. On this principle [illegible] erected with confidence, our moral battery for the demolition of the iniquitous system. To this we boldly appeal for the justification of all our Anti-Slavery action. I ask you now if this principle does not as clearly involve the fact that the slave is robbed of *the fruits of his toil*, as that he is robbed of *himself*? Has he not the same right to the product of his own labour. as to himself? Are not these claims inseparable? If so, which you admit, does it not truly follow that you can no more righteously possess yourselves of the products of your unrequited toil, by purchase of another, than you can possess yourselves of the slave himself by purchase of another? I beseech you to pause and let conscience answer this question. Why cannot you rightfully purchase the man himself of the slaveholder and appropriate him to your own use? You reply, because he is not the rightful property of his master, but of himself. But this is true also of the products of his toil. The master no more conveys an honest title to the merchant who buys the goods, than he does to the slave-trader who buys the slave. Both cases involve the guilt of sanctioning robbery. There may be difference in *degree*. If I may not purchase the slave, because it is a practical acknowledgment of the master's right to him, which is a falsehood; for the very same reason I may not purchase the goods. If I may not purchase the slave because it would encourage the master to continue the sin of oppression, for the same reason I may not purchase the goods. It is, in verity, the market for the gains of oppression, which the consumer furnishes, which constitutes the chief motive for the continuance of that iniquity you aim to abolish. Close the market for oppression's fruits, and your object is attained. Let the advocates of liberty refuse the products stained with the blood of their brother, and covered by the lacerating scourge, and the plantations which now send up their cry to heaven for vengeance for "man's inhumanity to man," will be turned into fields of remunerated and cheerful labour. Let those who profess allegiance to Him who commands us not to be "partakers of other men's sins," cease their commercial fellowship with the oppressor, and the clanking of the chain of the slave-coffle of the land, and the groans of the suffocating slave-ship of the sea, shall be exchanged for the cheering sound of the jubilee trump, and Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." AMEN!

You have unfurled the banner with the motto "*No Union with Slaveholders.*" How then can you maintain that commercial union which is the *vitality* of the entire system of fraud and cruelty? You condemn the slave-trade. How then can you furnish the profit which is the only inducement for its continuance? You condemn the General, and every State Government, for not carrying out their professed principles of Liberty into practice. What would you say of an association of men for abolishing distilleries, who should themselves frequent the dram-shops? What would you say of a Society for detecting horse-thieves, the members of which were continually buying stolen horses? Can it, my brethren, be consistent to stand and curse every link of Slavery's infernal chain, and, at the same time, drive in the great staple that sustains the whole?

Your resolution disallows political union with slaveholders. Why? Do you say, because their *political* action is designed to maintain the system of Slavery? I ask you if their *commercial* action has not the same tendency and design? If you cannot have fellowship with pro-slavery political action, how can you have fellowship in commercial political action? Has not their selling and your buying the stolen fruits of the slave's coerced and cruel toil as direct a connection with Slavery as the political action you repudiate?

Your resolution disallows *religious* union also, because the slaveholder has stolen his brother and his brother's goods. Permit me to ask you how much more disqualified to come to the Mercy-seat of our Father in heaven, or to the Communion Table of the Lord Jesus, is the man who robs another of his goods, than the man who partakes of his evil deeds by purchasing what he knows to be stolen? Does the latter come with clean hands and a pure heart? Will He who hateth oppression account him *innocent* who is continually voluntarily furnishing the means for the continuance of that oppression. "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say."

HENRY GREW.

Philadelphia, May 29, 1849.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, 25th of May, 1849.

MY DEAR GAY,—Maria Edgeworth is no more. She died at Edgeworthtown, her family residence, about a week ago. The fact was announced in about three lines of one of our Dublin daily papers, in the most unconspicuous way, and except that she was called "our distinguished countrywoman" there was nothing to distinguish it in a crowd of the commonest paragraphs on the most commonplace subjects about the most commonplace people. Nothing to indicate that one of the most celebrated writers in our language had passed away—one of the most accomplished and delightful friends of our childhood, loved and honoured wherever the English language is conned by infant lips. In the same paper were ostentatious regrets, and rejoicings, about honourables and right honourables, old soldiers and old dowagers, who probably never did so much good, or gave so much pleasure, as Maria Edgeworth has conferred by any single chapter in any one of the 18 volumes in which she has instructed her fellow creatures. In the early part of last year, when on my return from a visit to the distressed districts of the West of Ireland, I was enabled, by a general letter of introduction with which I had been provided by the Friends' Relief Association, to obtain an interview with this distinguished lady. I intensely enjoy the occasional opportunities I have had of social intercourse with truly great and gifted minds. I would enjoy their presence, if nothing more. I nearly always found such persons easy, courteous, and not inclined to oppress you with a sense of your own inferiority. For my own part, the inferiority is no burden to me, but I dont like to have the sense of it actively forced upon me. I found the venerable authoress seated by the fireside, in a stately room, and she was engaged in working a rug. She was low sized, somewhat stooped, and she looked fully as old as she was—I think about 82. But her conversation was full of life and animation. Time had not touched the soul. The conversation was chiefly about the prevailing famine in the west, many of the terrible details of which I had just returned from witnessing. She sympathized in them very deeply, expressed her earnest compassion and was warm in her acknowledgements for the assistance which the poor in her own neighbourhood had received from the Benevolent Associations which had devoted themselves to the alleviation of the prevalent distress. The French Revolution of February had just then broken out, and she expressed prophetic anticipations of the confusion and bloodshed to which it would probably give rise. A number of fine little children were introduced, the children of a younger sister of the illustrious woman. [Her father was four times married, and there were, I believe, full forty years between the ages of his oldest and his youngest child.] These little people had that easy, unembarrassed, cheerful manner which results from the careful training in externals that the upper classes in these countries give to their children, and which is so really enviable, it makes life so much easier to young people. It is a talisman, an "*open Sesame*," and about the only thing for which I envy our aristocracy. Their wealth and leisure enables them to bestow great pains, and to pay for the best help required in the training of their children. I could not help looking on these little Edgeworths as so many actual, flesh and blood Rosamonds and Franks, Harrys and Lucys, greatly privileged in the immediate tutelage of the admirable woman, who, by raising, rationalizing, and ameliorating the tone of education, has done so much for humanity. I left Edgeworthtown greatly gratified by my visit, and the more so as I was kindly invited to call again if I should be passing another time. When you do happen to be admitted to the [illegible] of any of these aristocracy of Heaven's own creation, it is a great enhancement [illegible] when you are made to feel that your presence is not burdensome and intrusive, and that you are able to give something for what you get.

I was deeply interested by the Report of meeting in one of the last *Standards* of the Coloured People of New York, to protest against the doings of the Colonization Society. I am glad that Douglass and Remond, and so many other men of real talent were among them The ability, earnestness, and energy of Douglass are shining brighter and brighter in the pages of the *North Star*. His fellow editor is an able writer, also, and from the vigour of their appeals to the self respect of the coloured race, good effects must ensue. I think the *North Star* manifestly improved and improving, and it is probable that the class to whom it is specially addressed, will respond more readily and good humouredly to the appeals, remonstrances, and councils of one of their own brethren than to those of a white man, no matter how friendly or disinterested he might have proved himself. Advice is much more readily given than taken. I have heard it broadly stated that advice should never be given except when asked. If this plan were adopted what would become of the *North Star*, the *Standard*, the *Liberator*, on the one hand, and the *Richmond Whig*, the *South Carolinian*, and the *New Orleans Picayune*, on the other? Politics and preaching would fall to the ground, the clergy would starve, so would the doctors, so would the lawyers—all careful parents, all conscientious school-masters and teachers. Give no advice! why, if we give no advice there would be nothing worth keeping. Society would resolve into its original elements, and every one would do what was right in his own eyes, regardless of the rights, wishes, and happiness of others. When men, or women either, propound such maxims, they do so for the sake of looking wise, but rarely upon deliberate reflection, or with any idea of the fallacies they give rise to. I imagine the *North Star* will supply a means of access to the coloured people which has not hitherto existed, at least in such an effectual shape—and that it does not, in the least, lessen the claims of the *Liberator* and *Standard* to public support. I take it that the former is intended for the special elevation and enlightenment of the coloured race, whilst the latter is devoted to the general promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause and the enforcement of its claims upon all classes, both in the United States and elsewhere. I most heartily wish success to them all. The older I grow, the more I reflect on it and read about it, the more important do I consider the efforts of the Abolitionists. Theirs is not the cause of a section of the human race, it is no sectarian object, it is the cause of humanity. Its success is in point of fact just as material to the true welfare, elevation, civilization, and Christianization of the slaveholder as of the slave, of the oppressessor as of the victim. The friends of the cause in these countries—those who sympathize most earnestly with the Abolitionists, are the warmest friends to the prosperity of the United States and the happiness of the people both at home and abroad.

In Douglass's speech in the Mass Meeting there is a splendid passage sketching the career of Madison Washington, and shouting in the ears of the South the terrible intimation that there are probably many such men amongst them. He talks of being a peace man, but he cannot refrain from hoping that there are many more Madison Washingtons. Neither can I. No man, no matter how much he may abhor the clumsy medicament of war, can avoid sympathizing with the down-trodden when they turn upon their tyrants. I can't help sympathizing with the Hungarians in their present struggle with the brutal tyranny of Austria, or with the illustrious Mazzini and his Romans in their defence of the Eternal City against the degraded hordes of Frenchmen who are gathering against her at the bidding of Louis Napoleon and the instigation of the French priests, for the restoration of the Pope and the good of religion. Did you ever in your life hear of anything more monstrous, except the invasion of Mexico by the Americans for the promulgation of Slavery, and the English war against China for the promotion of the sale of opium? People need not go to old histories to read of things hard to believe and wonderful to relate. Have we not plenty of such records all around us. I maintain that at no former day were the events more wonderful, and the actors in them more diabolical, or more admirable (as the case may be) than at the present hour. He would be a wise man who could now give a tolerable guess as to the probable state of Europe in another year. The whole Continent is heaving with the elements of a mighty struggle between Liberty and Despotism—and God speed the Right!

You have, no doubt, heard long ago, that Father Mathew was about to visit the United States. So have I, but as in the case of all such reports that keep flying for months and years together, and that never come to anything all the time, I make it a rule not to mind them and to believe their prophecies when they come to pass. So with this rumour about Father Mathew. However, I am now able to tell you that he is really so far on his way as Liverpool, and that for some time past a paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that when the Insurance offices with whom he has his life insured for a large sum for the benefit of his creditors, heard of his rumoured visit to America they intimated to him that they would require £300 to cover the additional risk; and that when this came to the ears of William Rathborne, a distinguished merchant and philanthropist in Liverpool, he sent Father M. a present of £500, or about 2500 dollars, with a handsome message to the effect "that the Friends of Temperance must take care that nothing should impede the course of its Apostle." Father Mathew is now awaiting at the hospitable house of his munificent friend the sailing of the vessel that is to land him on your shores. A Cork gentleman, an intimate friend of Father M.'s, one who has proved his friendship, called at my house a few days since. He says that between the Apostle and his brother, Charles Mathew, the warmest affection subsists, and that the idea of such a separation as the visit to the United States involved, was extremely painful to him who remains at home. He was only reconciled to it by the conviction that his brother's active and benevolent mind would prey upon itself if deprived of the opportunity of labouring in a large field of usefulness, such as your country affords. That he will be received with great enthusiasm I cannot doubt—but that his labours in the Temperance cause will have any such success in the midst of your working, hurrying, driving, matter of-fact, dollar and cent population, a great majority of whom do not belong to his own communion, as they met with at home amongst our impressible, credulous, excitable population, I dont think in the least likely.—When Father Mathew first visited Dublin for the purpose of giving the pledge, I think about ten years ago, he made 70,000 converts in about three days He stood on the steps of our stately Custom House, and surrounded by a vast multitude anxious to change their ways or satisfy their curiosity. Among them were great numbers of the lame, the halt and the blind, who came with the same faith and the same infirmities as in the days of the Apostles, fully expecting to be healed. I saw them appealing to him for assistance, and endeavoured to open the way for some of them, that they might get whatever consolation he could give. He did not repel them, though he disowned the power they attributed to him, and after a time the afflicted ceased to flock to him in the expectation of miraculous cures. I am personally acquainted with an accomplished and excellent woman, a devout Roman Catholic, who went to him for his blessing, as it was customary for multitudes to do who had no special intention in taking the pledge. She was at the time and for some years before greatly afflicted by epilepsy. She dates her perfect cure from her interview with Father Mathew. I have no doubt of the fact—which I attribute to the curative power of faith in diseases of this kind Faith is wonderful, I have heard on excellent authority, of another lady, (still a lady) well known to some friends of my own in the county of Kildare, who had been a cripple for some years. She earnestly entreated that Father M. would visit her when in that part of the country. He did so, and "She arose and ministered unto him"—and I have heard, has been well ever since. I believe that miracles of this kind can be truly told by the devout of [illegible] quackeries. I know some staunch mesmerists who are ready to believe and to tell stories as amazing as any in bible or breviary. I leave it to divines and philosophers to explain these matters. It is far more than I pretend to do.

Before I close I wish to tell you that in a late number of *The People*, "a little sheet" (as Rogers used to call his Herald of Freedom) published by Joseph Barker, he announces in a letter to W. L. Garrison, his intention to visit the United States very shortly. Of course he has sent a copy to Garrison, who, I earnestly hope, will answer it before he goes to bed. Joseph Barker is, in my opinion, one of the most remarkable and one of the ablest men in England. He is energetic, full of talent, self-esteem, and force of character. He has "large hope." No man in Great Britain and Ireland has written and printed so much for the immediate instruction and elevation of the labouring class, from which he sprang, and with which he always identifies himself. He is the determined foe of class interests, and of all the pretensions of royalty and aristocracy, rank and birth, as opposed to the rights and welfare of the producers of the nation's wealth. No English writer that I know of has more boldly or more ably stated his views on these points. He is outspoken—he does not go round the bush. He uses very hard language. He identifies the ill doer with the crime—the tyrant with the wrong—the extortioner with the ruin that he causes. His pluck is wonderful, and so is his discretion. He says the most unsavoury things to our rulers in such a "moral force" way, that they can't (though they would greatly like to,) catch hold of him. He is an enthusiastic admirer of your country and your institutions. Though he is well aware of the nature of Slavery—so that no man can describe the ruin it occasions more forcibly than he does, I am sometimes afraid that in his admiration of republicanism, and his horror of royalty and aristocracy and their results—he forgets the extent to which Liberty in the United States has defiled herself with the pitch of Slavery—and how entirely unsuccessful she has been in the attempt to enable Piety to associate with Mammon and Moloch, without suffering contamination. Joseph Barker has some intention of settling in your country. If he do I have no doubt he will be heard of. He is one of those who wear out—who never rust out. I hope you will meet with him, and if you think so highly of him as I do, you will make much of him. He is personally known to H. C. Wright and Frederick Douglass as well as W. L. Garrison. I hope they will welcome him to your shores. If he does not stand nobly by the cause of equal rights abroad as well as at home, I shall be greatly surprised. His Anti-Slavery Tract, in explanation of the absence of the Leeds clergy from one of Douglass's meetings, is one of the very best ever published. It was lately given in the *Ohio Bugle* and the *Liberator*. You should print it too.

In looking over an article of J. R. L.'s, in a *Standard* yesterday, I was amazed to see a recent project of Sir Robert Peel's, for the regeneration of Ireland, referred to as having been also suggested by your humble correspondent some years ago. I don't deny that I felt a little elevated by the implied compliment, but am greatly afraid I can't honestly appropriate it; for whatever my vanity may be, it has never led me to aspire to the glories and the perils of statesmanship.

Yours, ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Foreign Intelligence.

SIX DAYS

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer Europa, Captain Lott, with one week's later intelligence from all parts of Europe, arrived at Halifax on Tuesday, shortly after 12 o'clock, M., having left Liverpool on the 26th of May.

THE NEWS.

LIVERPOOL, May 26, 1849.

The same feeling of dullness that has pervaded commerce for several weeks past, continues to exist, and the probability of a change for the better seems even further removed than ever. The London money market remains easy, and English funds continue to be well sustained. Consols were done on Monday at 91; and closed, on Friday evening, at 91 1-2. The returns from the Bank of England, as compared with previous returns, exhibit a slight increase of bullion. There is considerable business doing in London, in American stocks. United States six per cents, as well as the better class of State securities, are scarce. Pennsylvania is quoted at 79 to 81; New York fives, 96.

There has been no further discussion of Canadian affairs in Parliament, and it is doubtful if any will take place, as the impression seems generally to prevail that, having a free constitutional Parliament, the Canadians are quite capable of settling their own affairs. There does not appear to be any reason to doubt but that the English government will sustain every act of Lord Elgin's administration.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Stanley made an elaborate speech in opposition to the bill for the repeal of the navigation laws. Several amendments were offered, which were rejected by decisive majorities. On the final vote in committee, the ministry increased their late majority of ten to thirteen.

Political affairs on the Continent exhibit no improvement. Indeed, the danger and probability of a general European war, appears to be more imminent now than at any previous time during the past year.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE QUEEN VICTORIA.—Another pistol has been fired at Queen Victoria; but fortunately without any injurious consequences. The criminal, in the present instance, is a stupid Irishman, who, as the pistol contained only powder, seems to have had no other object in view than to obtain notoriety.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—The recent elections in France have resulted in favour of the socialists and red republicans, to a far greater extent than was anticipated. They will muster about 240 strong, against about twice this number, who, though composed of parties and sections of parties entertaining opinions the very opposite of each other, are considered friends of order. The effect of this result of the elections upon the banks and public funds is unfavourable. From the highest to the lowest point, the public stocks fell thirteen per cent At the latest dates they had slightly recovered; and Five per Cents, on the 24th, were quoted at 81f. 50c., and Three per Cents at 52f.

Nothing has been arranged in regard to the change of ministry; but it was supposed that immediately after the new Assembly came together, Marshal Bugeaud would be called upon to form a new cabinet. It is as yet uncertain who will fill the subordinate posts, but it is probable that M. Leon Faucher will be minister of Finance, and that M. Falloux will remain in his present post

In the recent election the name of M. Ledru Rollin stands second on the poll—that of Murat being before his, from accidental circumstances. The most furious socialists are elected, while Lamartine, Marast, Arago, Dupont de l'Eure, Marie, Fould, and all others of the party of the *National*, which caused the revolution of February, are thrown out. The contest for power now lies between the red republicans and the men of the several parties—the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the Bonapartists. The moderate republicans have no local standing in France.

The *Corsaire* pledges itself for the truth of a report of the speech made by one of the socialist members for Paris, in which he said that the *bourgeoisie* had fattened like hogs on the meat of the people, and should, like hogs, be killed to make bacon of for those on whom they fed. After this we may credit the expression attributed to an ex-king, "we are marching to cannibalism."

A grand review of the garrisons of Paris took place on Monday, in the *Champs de Mars*, by the Presidents, whose reception by 100,000 troops was of the most enthusiastic description. Hearty shouts of *Vive Louis Napoleon*, welcomed him on all sides, and were in singular contrast with the almost unheard and feeble cries of *Vive la Republique*. The weather was beautiful, and, there was an immense concourse of persons to witness the splendid spectacle, the whole of which passed off with the greatest *eclat*.

The shipment of troops for Civita Vecchia continues actively at Toulon and Marseilles.

Gen. Roslottan has left Paris for Italy. He is the fifth general officer sent there to join General Oudinot.

EXCITING DEBATES IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—In the French Assembly, the affairs of Rome and Hungary being under consideration, a debate arose, which is described as the most exciting and violent that has ever been witnessed. Propositions for an immediate declaration of war against Russia and Austria were urged by several speakers, which were subsequently modified by the adoption of a resolution proposed by General Cavaignac, recommending government to adopt energetic measures to protect the internal and external interests of the republic. The resolution, though violently opposed by the ministry, was carried by a vote of 436 to 184.

In the Assembly, on the 18th, an order was passed to abolish the duty on potable liquors, which will prove a loss to the revenue of about 103,000,000 of francs.

On the 22d, the affairs of Italy being under consideration, M. Sarrans said, that, with regard to the Russian intervention, every one knew the ambition of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh, as well as the spirit which guides it. This intervention was a blow to European principles, and chiefly to those that at present regulate France It was sufficient, in order to know the Czar's intentions, to read his manifesto, which [illegible] of war against all democratic interests. If to that document were joined the declaration of the King of Prussia, no doubt could any longer be entertained respecting a combination of all aristocracies against democracy. It was impossible that the irruption from Russia of 170,000 men, should be solely for the purpose of subduing Hungary. Besides this number, there was a reserve of 180,000 men, making a total of 350,000 men who had been called to arms. The regulation of Hungary was a mere pretext. A coalition of Kings was again being formed, and he now wanted to know what would be the policy of the French Government.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply, said, that, with regard to Italian affairs, the Assembly had manifested its will, and that, on the morrow of its having done so, an agent had been sent to Italy, bearing a detailed account of the deliberations and orders to execute the wishes of the Assembly. He would not return to a discussion which has then been closed. With regard to Hungary, something had already been said at the tribune; he had already said that what took place in Hungary had excited the solicitude of Government, who had written about it to St. Petersburgh, London, Vienna, and Berlin. It had been said that the time for negotiation had passed; but as for them (meaning the government), they continued to negotiate.

M. Guichaim followed the minister, saying that France had evidently joined the coalition of Kings.

M. Joly said that he preferred war to the humiliation of France; and, with a view to test the sense of the Assembly upon the subject under consideration, he proposed the following order of the day:—

"The National Assembly considers the manifesto of the Emperor of Russia, and the treaties passing between him and the kings of Prussia and Austria, as a blow to the principles of the French constitution and the rights of nations, and contrary to the resolutions of the National Assembly," &c.

After a speech from M. Maquin, General Cavaignac ascended the tribune, and moved an order *du jour motive*:

"The National Assembly calls the serious attention of the Government to the events and movements of troops taking place in Europe, and seeing, in the state of affairs, dangers for liberty, and the republic, recommends the Government to take the most energetic measures necessary for their protection."

General Cavaignac said he thought this resolution would have the effect of engaging the republic in a recognition which it could not accept yet, of showing that the Assembly felt what a serious matter to it were the events now occurring in Europe.

M. Joly objected to Gen. Cavaignac's motion, as not sufficiently strong, and declared his determination to adhere to his own.

M. Odillon Barrot said it was necessary to reflect on a decision which would be a manifesto of war.

M. Ledru Rollin followed, and urged the more stringent resolution of M. Joly. He considered the manifesto of the Emperor of Russia as a declaration of war against the French republic. When a question was placed on such grounds, the only answer to it was a counter-manifesto—to say France would defend herself. It was the duty of the Assembly to pronounce itself in answer to the Emperor of Russia. Then turning to the party on the right, M. Ledru Rollin concluded by saying—"I know well that you would wish not to reply, encouraging a decision you do not assume; on yourselves rests a terrible responsibility. If you wish to prevent civil war, energetically and promptly answer this defiance"—(approbation and applause.)

M. Odillon Barrot again ascended the tribune to answer the democratic leader, and, after a speech of considerable length, concluded by calling for the simple order of the day.

M. Cremieux followed, and spoke in the midst of an uproar scarcely surpassed in the annals of the Assembly.—At the termination of his speech, the voting commenced upon the proposal to pass to the simple order of the day; at 7 o'clock the decision closed, when the numbers were:—

For the simple order of the day,	53
Against it,	459
Majority,	406

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.—In the Roman States there has been no material change since the date of previous advices. Neither the French nor the Napoleans have as yet entered Rome, and the republican government maintains its ground at every point, against the combined forces of France, Naples and Spain.

THE WAR IN HUNGARY.—The Hungarians, in their unequal contest with Austria and Russia, exhibit no want of courage, and are evidently preparing for a desperate struggle. It is reported that they have gained some advantages over the Austrians and Russians; but we are without positive intelligence from the seat of war.

RUSSIAN MOVEMENTS.—The Emperor of Russia has recognized the French republic, and has simultaneously issued a manifesto, announcing his determination to interfere in the Austrian and Hungarian quarrel, in which he speaks of the mission of his God-preserved nation, and in the name of the Almighty Leader of battles and Lord of victories, commands his armies to move forward for the suppression of rebellion, and the destruction of audacious and evil intentioned men.

The Emperor of Austria has gone to meet the Czar of Russia at Warsaw

GERMANY.—Insurrection (or the probability of it,) and commotions exist every where throughout the German empire.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN.—The war between the Danes and Prussians continues without any decisive result or prospect of an early issue.

PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia has issued a manifesto to his subjects, in which, after condemning the standard of revolt which has been raised by the enemies of Germany, he will shortly submit a constitution, sanctioned by the other governments, which shall have unity for its basis, and will guarantee to Germany its liberty and a free representation of the people. In conclusion, the King says, "if my people will stand by me, as I will stand by my people, faithfully and with confidence, with God's blessing a glorious victory will not be wanting to us." Simultaneously with the proclamation of the King to the people, public notices were published, announcing that the state of siege at Berlin was prolonged with increased vigour, suspending for the time being the ordinary courts and establishing martial law in all its force. Another notice suspended the publication of the ultra democratic journal, the *National*. It is said these measures were caused by the discovery of a conspiracy for an outbreak at Berlin. It is asserted that the negotiation for another German constitution are almost terminated, and that its proclamation may be speedily expected. It is said that its provisions will mainly resemble those of the Frankfort constitution, but that the King of Prussia will only take the title of Protector, instead of Emperor, and will possess an absolute, instead of a suspensive, constitution. Austria would form no part of the German empire, but would be entirely severed from it, though connected by a close defensive alliance:

Notice.

S. S. and A. K. Foster will hold meetings at Flushing L. I., commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock Saturday evening, June 16, and will continue through Sunday. At Jamaica, commencing Wednesday evening, 21st instant.

Miscellany.

From the Liberty Bell.

LIVERPOOL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

George Cooke, the celebrated actor, visited Liverpool for the first time about fifty years ago. As his fame had preceded him, a full house had collected to bid him welcome. However, like many distinguished men of that time, he was lamentably addicted to intemperance, and was accordingly not forthcoming when the hour arrived for his appearance on the stage. The audience became fidgetty, then impatient, then noisy, and at last positively angry—so that when Cooke did step forth he was received with a storm of hisses and other unequivocal marks of disapprobation. Probably these play-goers had no abstract dislike to deep potations. Roaring orgies were the fashion of the time. The most respectable men—the most firmly attached to the civil and religious institutions of this country—got drunk betimes. But there is a time for all things, and George's love of the bottle must not interfere in this shameful way with their own love of pleasure. They had a clear right to be angry. Cooke staggered forward to the footlights, waited patiently till the tempest had subsided, and then addressed his bristling audience to the following effect: "I always feel humbled when obliged, for the sake of a subsistence, to come forward as an actor on any occasion; but I now feel doubly humiliated by the necessity of appearing before the people of this city, where the very bricks of your houses, the stones of your docks, and the pavement of your streets, are grouted and cemented with the blood and sweat of the unfortunate Africans." I never heard the rest of the story. I believe he got off safe. If they had tarred and feathered him—or ridden him on a rail, as the free and enlightened republicans of Delaware did with friend Daniel Neale of Philadelphia a few years ago; if they had mobbed him, or hanged him, or shot him, or lynched him in any other way, I think I should have heard of it. I am curious in such matters; believing as I do that secret history with her tittle tattle is far more to be relied on than her statelier sister with all her sonorous periods, solemn falsehoods, stately didactics, and inconsequent conclusions.

Cooke's terrible rebuke was just. Liverpool was then the New Orleans of Great Britain. She fattened on the slave-trade, and the most determined and unscrupulous opposition was made by her merchants to its abolition. There, at that time, as now in Charleston or Savannah, it was almost as much as a man's life, or reputation, or chance of subsistence was worth, to be known as the opponent of the slave-trade or Slavery. It was in Liverpool that Clarkson, while prosecuting his glorious labours, narrowly escaped being hustled into the docks by the enraged merchants. The majority of the "men of property and standing"—the respectable men—considered their dearest interests identified with the traffic in human cattle. It was full of Hope H. Slaughters, who sold the bodies, and gave the souls in.—if the negroes have souls. Some think not: but the clergy say they have, and who should know better? The Liverpool mob were readily persuaded by "their betters," that their own bread and butter depended likewise on the maintenance of the slave-trade, and they always held themselves ready to give the most emphatic proofs of the strength and sincerity of this conviction. My readers will be gratified to learn that Liverpool was at this time a most religious and loyal city. None more so. Indeed, the majority of the Liverpool people were enthusiastic in their devotion to Church and State—to the King and the Clergy. They gloried in the crown and the bible. And they signified by every extremity of word and deed their hostility to all who dared to differ from them; as is mostly the case with that large and favoured portion of our race, who have satisfied themselves that they are perfectly in the right on all points connected with the policy of this world, and of the world to come. They proved their faith by their works—They went to church on Sunday morning, got drunk in the evening, and carried on the slave-trade with steady industry the rest of the week. In their ordinary transactions they patronised none but the "household of faith;" and they despised—and when they dared, browbeat—dissenters at all times. With that stern consistency which is ever conspicuous in the political relations of the abettors of Slavery, and of every organized system of tremendous wrong, it was never the fault of the Liverpool merchants if their city was not represented in Parliament by some staunch, unscrupulous adherent of the king, the church, and the African trade. "*Tria juncta in uno,*" might have been the motto of Liverpool.

To the honour of human nature be it stated, that while the slave-traders were thus among the most loyal subjects of George the Third, (whom the Prayer-book for sixty years called "our most religious and gracious sovereign.") George the Third was true to the slave-trade. He resisted its abolition as long as he could. He always looked on this measure as an overt act of revolution. He hated Clarkson with perfect hatred, as he hated Charles J. Fox, Jeremy Bentham, and multitudes of better men than himself.

But Liverpool had her righteous few. Some of the noblest men in England were among her citizens.—As the biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo the Tenth, Roscoe earned a world-wide reputation. In Liverpool he was shunned by many as the poet of Liberty, and detested by more as the opponent of the slave-trade. He was esteemed a disorganizer, a fanatic, an enemy to the church—like Paul in Athens eighteen hundred years ago, or Garrison in the American Athens at the present time. In those dark days of England's history,—when the retrograde policy of Pitt, commercial greed, and unscrupulous venality were in the ascendant,—Roscoe never swerved from his allegiance to humanity. He was the steadfast advocate of political and personal liberty, and of that more precious privilege without which all others are of little value—the right to call our souls our own, and to declare our convictions, freed from the dictation of hypocrisy or the authority of cant. In a memoir of his life by one of his sons, it is related that when he returned to his native city after his first, (and I believe his last) session as a member of Parliament, "he found that his advocacy of humanity had rendered him obnoxious to numbers of his fellow townsmen, who are in various ways interested in the man-trade. Collecting together, and forming a savage mob, they met him at the entrance of the town, armed with bludgeons and knives, by the free use of which they sought to repel and intimidate their opponents." These are the words of the biographer. I like that word, "man-trade," and would suggest its substitution for slave-trade. It is quite as correct, and has more freshness. We learn from this passage that a pro-slavery agitation needed the assistance of a "savage mob" in the good old times, on this side of the Atlantic, as well as at the foot of the American Capitol at this present writing.

Roscoe was of humble origin, his father being a retailer of spirits and a market gardener. And, as he left school at twelve years of age, his early education must have been limited. But his energy of character enabled him to overleap all the difficulties of his position, and he attained a high and permanent rank among English historians. He was an accomplished scholar, and an admirable poet. His popular song on the taking of the Bastile, commencing "Unfold, Father Time," and that on the anniversary of the 14th August, 1791, "O'er the vine covered hills and gay regions of France," are amongst the most spirit-stirring lyrics in the language. He was also a banker and a member of Parliament. In the House of Commons he had no great success, for, as his biographer remarks, "though talent has some weight there, it is as nothing compared with wealth and aristocratical connexions, which supply the place of eloquence, learning, logic, and honesty." Let the United States beware of her own aristocracy. It is true their ascendancy is founded on the possession of human cattle instead of broad acres, but they have proved themselves, within the last twenty years, more dangerous to the country's prosperity, more grasping, more powerful, and more unscrupulous than even the nobles of England.

Another of the good and true men of Liverpool was the poet, Edward Rushton. He also was the son of a spirit dealer, and had a hard battle to fight with the world; but his career was less fortunate and less brilliant than that of Roscoe. When between ten and eleven years of age, he was bound apprentice to the merchant service. At the age of sixteen, a remarkable opportunity occurred for evincing his skill and intrepidity. The ship, on board of which he served, was overtaken by a violent storm, and became apparently unmanageable. The captain and crew gave themselves up as lost, and suffered her to drive before the wind. In the midst of the confusion, the young apprentice seized the helm, and called the men to their duty: they resumed their efforts, and, under his direction, the ship was saved. For this spirited conduct, he received the thanks of the captain and crew, and was advanced to the situation of second mate.

The African trade was at that time the chief source of the wealth of Liverpool; and young Rushton was induced to go, in quality of mate, on a Slaving voyage to the coast of Guinea. But for this occupation his natural tenderness of heart unfitted him, and he bitterly regretted having engaged himself in the odious traffic. His biographer mentions the following incident as having already prepared his mind to regard the Negro race with affectionate interest. "In one of his voyages to the West Indies, he had contracted an acquaintance with a black man named Quamina, whom he kindly taught to read. On some occasion he was despatched to the shore with a boat's crew, of which Quamina was one. On its return to the ship, the boat was upset in the serf, and the sailors were soon swept by the billows from the keel, to which, in the first confusion, they had all adhered. In this extremity Rushton swam towards a small water-cask which he saw floating at a distance. Quamina had gained this point of safety before him: and when the generous Negro saw that his friend was too much exhausted to reach the cask, he pushed it towards him—bade him good bye—and sank to rise no more. This anecdote Mr. Rushton has often related in the hearing of the author of this memoir, and never without dropping a grateful tear to the memory of Quamina."

Thus predisposed in favour of the African race, their sufferings on board the slaver awoke his compassion, and on one occasion his indignation aroused him to remonstrances so earnest that the captain accused him of mutiny, and threatened to put him in irons. His biographer here remarks. "Happy had it been for Mr. Rushton if this threat had been put in execution. The restraint of imprisonment would have saved him from one of the heaviest calamities which can befall a human being—a calamity which tinged many of his future years with melancholy. When the vessel in which he sailed was on its passage to Dominico, almost the whole of its wretched cargo were seized with the opthalmia. In these circumstances, the other officers, whose duty it was to attend to them, durst not venture into the hold, and they were left in a state of neglect and destitution. But Rushton was daily amongst them, and administered to them all the relief in his power. To himself the consequences were dreadful. He was attacked by a violent inflammation in his eyes, on the subsiding of which, at the termination of three weeks, it was found that his left eye was totally destroyed, and that the right was entirely covered with an opacity of the cornea."

On his return from this unfortunate voyage, his father took him up to London to obtain the best surgical advice—but in vain. And parental kindness was soon changed to hostility when he interfered with his step-mother to prevent the ill-treatment of one of his sisters. The poor blind young man was expelled from his father's house, and reduced to live on an allowance of four shillings a week. A poor aunt, who could give nothing more, gave him the shelter of her roof, and he paid a lad three pence a week to read to him an hour or two every evening. In this way he became acquainted with the works of the English classic writers, especially Milton and Shakspeare, and he occasionally amused himself with poetical composition. In his twenty-sixth year he published some occasional verses, and the celebrity he attained as an author so far won upon his father that he advanced money to establish him and his sisters in a tavern! Poet was never before so rewarded. This plan was not very successful, as may be anticipated. The tavern-keeper was a poet, he was blind, and he was an "Abolitionist." I imagine that in the United States not many tavern-keepers are Abolitionists. The prosperity of the tavern depends much on public opinion, and public opinion has been until very recently strong against the Abolitionists. I have the authority of Rushton's biographer for saying that "at that time to speak irreverently of the king, or even to deny the existence of a God, were, in the town of Liverpool, venial offences, compared with the atrocity of condemning the sale and purchase of human flesh." This is a strong statement, when we recollect that the people of that good town were eminently loyal and religious: but we have no reason to doubt the fact. We know that the chivalrous people of the Southern States are even more noted for attachment to this "peculiar institution" than for their fidelity to the Constitution (which is brother Jonathan's loyalty, and quite as romantic as John Bull's,) or for their profound sense of religion.

When Clarkson visited Liverpool to collect evidence on the details of the Slave-Trade, he had frequent interviews with Rushton, and obtained from him valuable information and directions as to the quarter where he might best pursue his enquiries.

Our poet at length relinquished the public house, and purchased a share in a weekly newspaper, called "*The Liverpool Herald*," of which he undertook the editorship. This employment was more congenial to his taste. But in consequence of his fearless exposure of an act of atrocity perpetrated by a press-gang in the port of Liverpool, and of threats consequently denounced on the proprietors of the *Herald*, a discussion as to the future management of the paper resulted in the retirement of Mr. Rushton. He subsequently attempted the bookselling business, and with better success. He never became a rich man, but he was able to support his wife and family (for he had married while a tavern keeper) for some time in comfort and respectability. But Rushton was one of those who cannot swim with the stream,—who will have opinions of their own. At the breaking forth of the French Revolution, he (like Roscoe and most of the hopeful and hearty men of that time) warmly sympathized with that great event as the dawning of a brighter day for liberty and humanity, and expressed his sympathy. He became a marked man, and the timid advocates of liberal principles soon found that those who frequented his shop were marked men also. His business declined as his family increased, and his prospects of the future became truly alarming.

In this extremity Rushton exhibited true dignity of mind. Although repeated offers of liberal accommodation were made him, he preferred to retain his independence by retrenching his expenses, and awaiting the event in patience. And he never had cause to repent of this resolution. In the worst times he retained some steady and valuable connections. And when the French war had continued for many years with little success, and the enormous taxation indispensable for its prosecution made it unpopular, the tide of public opinion turned, and Rushton reaped the advantage of the change. Henceforth he was able to maintain his family in competence, and to give his children the blessing of a good education.

Rushton was on principle a republican, and felt deep interest in the success of the great experiment of a popular government in the United States. He was however excessively scandalized by the fact that the great American Cincinnatus, who had fought so ably and disinterestedly for the liberation of his country from the British yoke, should yet be so astoundingly inconsistent as to keep slaves himself. Being apparently under the impression that Washington only needed to have this inconsistency clearly and forcibly represented to him, he addressed him in that famous letter so well known to Anti-Slavery readers, in which he points out to Washington the wickedness and absurdity of his position. But the disease did not yield to so simple a remedy, and the letter was returned to the writer in a blank cover.

In the year 1806 he published a selection of his poems in a small volume, which met with a very favourable reception. These productions are not remarkable for originality but they are animated by the author's characteristic spirit of benevolence, love of freedom, and hatred of oppression. A more elegant and copious edition was published in 1824, with an appendix, containing his letter to Washington, and an amusing "attempt to prove that climate, food, and manners are not the causes of the dissimilarity of colour in the human species." The book is prefaced by a memoir of Rushton, by his friend the Rev. William Shepherd, which has supplied the facts and extracts relating to him in the present paper.

The year 1807 was an era in the life of Rushton, being distinguished by the restoration of his sight. After an interval of thirty years, and a series of painful operations, the blessed light revealed to him his wife and children for the first time. "His sight was somewhat misty, but it was so far restored that he could accurately distinguish colours, and the lineaments of the human countenance. He would walk the streets without a guide, and by the aid of a glass could read tolerable sized print. In the new gratification of reading, he spent his leisure hours usefully and pleasantly."

In 1811 he lost his faithful and affectionate wife, and a beloved daughter. His own death took place in 1814, from an attempt to cure, by means of a quack medicine, an attack of gout—a disease to which he was subject, notwithstanding his habitual temperance. In energy of purpose, in fidelity to the cause of humanity, in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, in the love of truth and justice, in integrity, independence, and elevation of mind, and in endurance of suffering, Edward Rushton was a truly great man. From my boyhood, the picture of the blind poet has been among the most honoured portraits in my mind's gallery.[*]

In enumerating a few of the men of Liverpool who have done honour to themselves by their hostility to the slave-trade and to Slavery, the family of the Rathbones must not be omitted. They were originally members of the Society of Friends, and still retain those characteristics by which that body is favourably known. They were a family of merchants, and have always upheld a reputation for integrity, hospitality, and generous philanthropy. Few Americans of any reputation for talent, or virtue, come to England unprovided with letters to William Rathbone. Channing was his personal friend. So was Tuckerman. Many of the most distinguished Abolitionists are familiar with his hospitality. William Lloyd Garrison, Maria W. Chapman, Henry C. Wright, James and Lucretia Mott, and others, have been his honoured guests.

A characteristic anecdote is related of William Rathbone. Some years ago he was elected by his fellow townsmen to the honourable office of mayor of Liverpool. Whilst holding this station, he happened to attend a public meeting at which he sat uncovered, in company with all the gentlemen present, with one exception. The exception was a sturdy Quaker, whom no hisses or remonstrances could frighten or shame into compliance with this act of "hat worship."

A small matter will create a turmoil in a crowd, and so it happened on the present occasion. Indignation became almost unanimous against the Friend with his hat on. There he sat as heedless of the tempest that whistled round his head, as the Rock of Gibraltar, or the Craig of Ailsa. The tumult was at the highest, when William Rathbone rose, walked over to the side of the refractory Quaker, and, instead of taking off the offending beaver, put on his own. This generous token of respect for a conscientious scruple was promptly responded to by a shout of applause from the delighted assembly, and it is needless to say that no further interference was attempted, or disapprobation expressed.

Greenbank, the country seat of Wm. Rathbone, is peculiarly interesting to me as the spot where Joseph Blanco White spent the last few months of his chequered existence. This remarkable man was a native of Seville. He was of Irish descent, and became a Roman Catholic priest. Being led by conviction to abjure that faith, he escaped to England, and after years of doubt and enquiry, during which he supported himself by his literary labours, he joined the Church of England. But to avoid the imputation of venality, he would never accept of any profitable benefice in that wealthy establishment. He was the intimate and beloved friend of the distinguished Dr. Whately; and when that able writer became Archbishop of Dublin, he removed with him to Ireland, and lived in his family for many years on terms of most affectionate intimacy. But his active mind continued those habits of enquiry which had necessitated his flight from his native land; and, as with him conviction was followed by corresponding action, he found himself obliged, in order to save his honoured friend from the imputation of sheltering a heretic, to leave Dublin and retire to Liverpool. During his later years he was the victim of extreme nervous suffering and debility, pain being terribly complicated with helplessness. His chief solace then lay in correspondence, and in the society of a small circle of attached friends, amongst whom the Rathbone family were conspicuous. He was at length prevailed on to allow himself to be removed from his lodgings to Greenbank, and there he was attended with devoted and affectionate attention. Day and night he was watched and nursed till he died. In the year 1845, his life and a portion of his correspondence was edited by a son-in-law of William Rathbone's and published in London. It has not been published in America, but it is nevertheless the most deeply interesting and absorbing history of a mind that I ever met with. The incidents are comparatively few, but it portrays a noble sense of the claims of duty, undaunted zeal in the search after truth, and a faithful obedience to the leadings of conscience.

Having achieved this rambling essay, I was peacefully reposing from my labours, when who should walk in but my friend ———, a dashing miller from the county of Kildare—stalwart, vigorous, frank and hearty, *etat* 64, bright-eyed, with a heart "as big as a house," and a head so clear, that to hear his talk, always makes me break the tenth commandment,—for it is wonderful for wit and originality. He came up to town to hear Jenny Lind, and declares that she disappointed him, for the reality surpassed his expectations, high as they were. But I mention him now, to say that he lived in Liverpool, in 1806, when Roscoe was elected member of Parliament, and was acquainted with Rushton and the Rathbones. I hoped by a talk with him to test the truth of my statements, and the result was satisfactory to my accuracy. He recollected the banners of the tory candidate, inscribed with "The slave-trade forever, being carried through the streets. Honest fellows! they never canted about Slavery *in the abstract*. The more concrete it was, they liked it the better. The expression of free opinion in religion or politics, subjected the speaker to insult or injury. Everything of this kind was stigmatized by the name of "French principles,"—just as Abolitionism, Christ's doctrines on the subject of peace, and such like novelties, are now believed by many in Ireland to be the result of the "New American principles." Everything but the slang of loyalty and religion, and the pursuit of gain, was then at a discount in Liverpool. When Roscoe, Wm. Rathbone the elder, and Dr. Currie (the biographer of Burns) resolved to attempt the formation of the first public library and reading-room in the town, they called a public meeting—but their own three selves were all who attended. Nothing daunted, Roscoe was moved to the chair, Currie was appointed Secretary, and Rathbone moved the resolutions. The proceedings were published in such a form as to hold out a prospect of gain to the subscribers of stock, and in a few days the foundation was laid of a princely Athenæum, the first of its kind in England. Literature suddenly became fashionable, and libraries were deemed necessary appendages to the dwellings of the wealthy. One of the great merchants who had made his fortune by the slave-trade, thinking his establishment incomplete without a library, called on a London bookseller to furnish it for him. The bibliopolist enquired if he would like the works of Shakspeare. "Oh yes, send him by all means. And anything new that he writes, you may also send when it comes out. I leave it all to yourself."

With this learned Theban I conclude my sketches of Liverpool.

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[*] When in Liverpool a few months ago, I met with Edward Rushton, Esq., a son of the poet. This gentleman is the principal police magistrate in Liverpool, and I believe no man in England occupies this responsible station with more credit to himself or satisfaction to the public. He is much respected for his discretion and humanity. On my referring to his father's letter to Washington, he mentioned another which was subsequently addressed to Thos. Paine on the subject of Slavery. He was so good as to give me a copy, which I send herewith. Although at first under the impression that it never appeared in print, I find it was published about thirty years since in the *Belfast Magazine*, edited by John Hancock, and that the note appended to it was written by the editor, an intimate friend of Rushton's. As this letter evinces a keen sense of the inconsistency of those who labour for the elevation of one part of the human family, while they are morally blind to the wrongs and degradation of the other portion, it is well worthy of republication in the United States. Perhaps it may even find a corner in "*The Liberty Bell.*" Though the writer is dead his words are as wide awake as ever. Consistency is a talisman as well as a jewel, and the blind poet knew how to apply it so as to make some who are great in the world's eyes, look very small in the light of truth. It is the faithful fulfilment of this part of the Abolitionist's vocation which makes them so unpopular.

MR. RUSHTON'S LETTER TO THOMAS PAINE.

DEAR SIR,—In retiring from the revolutionary scenes of Europe, you will not, I trust, retire from labours which are now strongly agitating the human intellect and making oppressors tremble. While enormity is the growth of every soil, and while crimes, sanctioned by law, are suffered to blur the fairest institutions of mankind, power, such as you possess, can never want employment. Pregnant with the purest political wisdom, you contributed in no small degree to emancipate the people of America from the proud domination of Britain, and you are called upon in the name of suffering humanity, to aim at a rescuing one part of that very American people from the abominable grasp of the other. With tyranny, in whatever garb she may appear, you have waged perpetual war, and surely there cannot be a tyranny more truly execrable than that of the republican planter lording it over his toil-worn, lacerated slaves. Turn your attention then to the Southern States of the American Union, and there, among a people who have fought, and who have bled in defence of their own liberty, you may delineate the dark and melancholy features of Negro Slavery. Who, that is not familiar with wrong, could behold one of these pigmy despots, in the midst of his rice or tobacco plantation, without reprobating the Government that can authorize such a system? Who that is not inured to outrage, could witness the incessant toil, the frequent exercise of the twisted thong, the Osnaburgh frock stained with human blood, and the sable countenance marked with unutterable anguish, without detesting the wretch who tremblingly alive with respect to his own rights can yet become the cruel violator of the rights of others? Who that is not an habitual hypocrite could follow the democratic slaveholder to the legislature of his country and hear him declaim on the rights of American citizens, on violated constitutions, &c., without the strongest sensations of loathing and disgust? Or, in short, who that has the feelings of a man could behold this complicated villainy, without adopting your own indignant assertion "that tyranny and martyrdom, like taxation and representation, ought to go hand in hand?" To ameliorate the situation of man is evidently the object of your writings; and whilst your favourite America can exhibit such atrocities, it is impossible, I again repeat it, that powers such as you possess, can ever want employment. The man who is truly a philanthropist, will ever be consistent; he cannot possess one class of feelings for white men, and another for negroes. No! his arms embrace the universe, and all mankind are his brethern. From the borders of the Chesapeake to the borders of Florida, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi, is a widely extended region, in which you may have many admirers, who would, no doubt, take it in dudgeon, were you to appear inimical to their miscalled interests; yet notwithstanding this, I firmly believe that you will not inhabit a country, in which man it allowed to be the property of man without becoming the enemy of the oppressor and the fearless advocate of the oppressed. As the clear and energetic champion for broad and general liberty, you have not a superior in the annals of mankind; yet through the whole of your writings I do not recollect a single passage that is particularly pointed against the Slavery of the negroes. It is a subject that calls for intellect gigantic as your own; it is an Augean stable, fit only for such as an Hercules. Let me entreat you then in the name of that liberty which you prize above all price, once more to vindicate the rights of injured nature, and to show that no law, no affluence, no authority, can shelter the proprietor of human sinews from the scorn and contempt of a regenerating world. Against you there is not an epithet in the vocabulary of baseness which will not be employed; yet in advocating the cause of negro wretchedness, your power must prove irresistible.

EDWARD RUSHTON.

In communicating a copy of this letter to me, my friend thus wrote in the year 1807:—

"I congratulate you on the abolition of the slave-trade, and have enclosed you a letter which, some time ago, I addressed to Thomas Paine, on the subject of negro Slavery in the United States. Since his receipt of this, he has frequently sent me his verbal respects, but he will not commit himself to paper on the subject. In 1791, Thomas Paine, conversing with a gentleman on the subject of the slave-trade, wondered that God Almighty did not send a thunderbolt to blast the damned town of Liverpool; yet Thomas Paine now resides in the State of New York, surrounded by negro slaves, without uttering a syllable against Slavery, though he may daily read such advertisements as the following; "For sale, a well-looking negro woman, about twenty-three, with or without her child of four years old; apply to the proprietor." I wish politicians and philosophers would learn to be consistent. Jefferson the President of the United States, the freest country in the world, holds hundreds of his fellow-creatures in a state of bondage. Horne Tooke, the celebrated English patriot, is an enemy to the abolition of the slave-trade, and Cobbett, the redoubted Cobbett, has been the uniform advocate of negro Slavery!!!"—*Ibid.*

AN ARAB BELLE:

OR, A PEEP INTO A SHEIKH'S HAREM.

Of the three ladies now forming this harem, the chief was Amsha, a lady celebrated in the song of every Arab in the desert, for her beauty and noble blood. She was the daughter of Hassan, Sheikh of the Tai, a tribe tracing its origin from the remotest antiquity, and one of whose chiefs, Hatem, her ancestor, is a hero of Eastern romance. Sofuk had carried her away by force from her father, but had always treated her with great respect. From her rank and beauty she had earned the title of "Queen of the Desert." Her form traceable through the thin skirt which she wore, like other Arab women, was well-proportioned and graceful. She was tall in stature and fair in complexion. Her features were regular, and her eyes dark and brilliant. She had, undoubtedly, claims to more than ordinary beauty; to the Arabs she was more than perfection, for all the resources of their art had been exhausted to complete what Nature had begun. Her lips were dyed deep blue, her eyelids were continued in indigo until they united over the nose, her cheeks and forehead were spotted with beauty-marks, her eyelashes darkened by kohl; and on her legs and bosom could be seen the tatooed ends of flowers and fanciful ornaments, which were carried in festoons and net-work over her whole body. Hanging from each ear, and reaching to the waist, was an enormous ear-ring of gold, terminating in a tablet of the same material, carved and ornamented with the four turquoises.—Her nose was adorned with a prodigious gold ring, set with jewels, of such ample dimensions that it covered the mouth, and was to be removed when the lady ate. Ponderous rows of strung beads, Assyrian cylinders, fragments of coral, agates and parti-coloured stones, hung from her neck; loose silver rings encircled her wrists and ancles, making a loud jingling as she walked. Over her blue shirt was thrown when she issued from her tent, a coarse striped cloak, and a common black handkerchief was tied round her head. Her menage combined, if the old song be true, the domestic and the queenly, and was carried on with a nice appreciation of economy. The immense sheet of black goat-hair canvass, which formed the tent, was supported by twelve or fourteen stout poles, and was completely open on one side. Being entirely set apart for the women, it had no partitione, as in the tent of the common Arab, who is obliged to reserve a corner for the reception of his guests. Between the centre poles were placed, upright and close to one another, large camel, or goat-hair sacks, filled with rice, corn, barley, coffee, and other household stuff; their mouths being, of course, upwards. Upon them were spread carpets, and cushions, on which Ashma reclined. Around her, squatted on the ground, were some fifty hand-maidens, tending the wide cauldron, baking bread on the iron plate heated over the ashes, or shaking between them the skin suspended between three stakes, and filled with milk, to be thus churned into butter. It is the privilege of the head wife to prepare in her tent the dinners of the sheikh's guests. The fires, lighted on all sides, sent forth a cloud of smoke, which hung heavily under the folds of the tent, and would have long before dimmed any eyes less bright than those of Amsha. As supplies were asked for by the women, she lifted the corner of her carpet, untied the mouths of the sacks, and distributed their contents. Everything passed through her hands. To show her authority and rank, she poured continually upon her attendants a torrent of abuse, and honoured them with epithets of which I may be excused attempting to give a translation; her vocabulary equalling, if not excelling, in richness, that of the highly-educated lady of the city. The combination of the domestic and authoritative was thus complete. Her children, three naked little urchins, black with sun and mud, and adorned with a long tail hanging from the crown of their heads, rolled in the ashes or on the grass. Amsha, as I have observed, shared the affections, though not the tent, of Sofuk—for each establishment had a tent of its own—with two other ladies, Atouia, an Arab, not much inferior to her rival in personal appearance; and Ferrah, originally a Yezidi slave, who had no pretensions to beauty. Amsha, however, always maintained her sway, and the others could not sit, without her leave, in her presence. To her alone were confided the keys of the larder—supposing Sofuk to have had either keys or larder—and there was no appeal from her authority on all subjects of domestic economy.—*Layard's Ninevah and its Remains.*

ABYSSINIA MONKS.—While we had been standing on the top of the steps, I had heard from time to time some incomprehensible sounds, which seemed to arise from among the green branches of the palms and fig-trees, in a corner of the garden at our feet. "What," said I, to a bearded Copt, who was seated on the steps, "is that strange howling noise which I hear among the trees? I have heard it several times when the rustling of the wind among the branches has died away for a moment. It sounds something like a chaunt or a dismal moaning song: only it is different in its cadence from anything that I have heard before."

"That noise," replied the monk, "is the sound of the service of the church, which is being chaunted by the Abyssinian monks. Come down the steps, and I will show you their chapel and their library. The monastery which they frequented in this desert has fallen to decay; and they now live here, their numbers being recruited occasionally by pilgrims on their way from Abyssinia to Jerusalem, some of whom pass by each year; not many now, to be sure; but still fewer return to their own land."

Giving up my precious manuscripts to the guardianship of my servants, and desiring them to put them down carefully in my cell, I accompanied my Coptic friend into the garden, and turning round some bushes, we immediately encountered one of the Abyssinian monks walking with a book in his hand under the shade of the trees. Presently we saw three or four more; and very remarkable looking persons they were. These holy brethren were as black as crows—tall, thin, ascetic looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age, and of a state of things the opposite to European, as these Abyssinian eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh; and they were all clothed in tunics of wash-leather, made, they told me, of gazelle skins. This garment came down to their knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book: and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak or toga, of the same light yellow wash-leather as the tunic. I do not think that they wore anything on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease; for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which, however, had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for, although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics. They seemed to be men who fasted much, and feasted little: great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses.—*Curzon's Visit to Monasteries in the Levant.*

THE DIFFUSION OF LIFE.—"We thus find from the most recent observations that animal life predominates amid the eternal night of the depths of ocean, whilst vegetable life, which is so dependent on the periodic action of the solar rays, is most prevalent on continents. The mass of vegetation on the earth very far exceeds that of animal organisms. For what is the volume of all the large living cetacea and pachydermata, when compared with the thickly crowded colossal trunks of trees of from eight to twelve feet in diamter, which fill the vast forests covering the tropical region of South America, between the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Rio da Madeira. And although the character of different portions of the earth depends on the combination of external phenomena, as the outlines of mountains—the physiognomy of plants and animals—the azure of the sky—the forms of the clouds—and the transparency of the atmosphere—it must still be admitted that the vegetable mantle with which the earth is decked, constitutes the main feature of the picture. Animal forms are inferior in mass, and their powers of motion often withdraw them from our sight. The vegetable kingdom, on the contrary, acts upon our imagination by its continued presence, and by the magnitude of its forms: for the size of a tree indicates its age, and here alone age is associated with the expression of a constantly renewed vigour. In the animal kingdom (and this knowledge is also the result of Ehrenberg's discoveries) the forms which we term microscopic occupy the largest space, in consequence of their rapid propagation. The minutest of the infusoria, the monadidæ, have a diameter which does not exceed 1-3000th of a line, and yet these siliceous-shelled organisms form in humid districts subterranean strata of many fathoms in depth.

"The strong and beneficial influence exercised on the feelings of mankind by the consideration of the diffusion of life throughout the realms of nature, is common to every zone, but the impression thus produced is most powerful in the equatorial regions, in the land of palms, bamboos, and arborescent ferns—where the ground rises from the shore of seas rich in mollusca and corals, to the limits of perpetual snow. The local distribution of plants embraces almost all heights and all depths. Organic forms not only descend into the interior of the earth, where the industry of the miner has laid open extensive excavations, and sprung deep shafts, but I have also found snow-white stalactitic columns encircled by the delicate web of an Usnea, in caves where meteoric water could alone penetrate through fissures. Podurellæ penetrate into the icy crevices of the glaciers on Mount Rosa, the Grindelwald, and the Upper Aar: the Chionæa araneoides described by Dalman, and the microscopic Discerea nivalis (formerly known as Protococcus), exist in the polar snow as well as in that of our high mountains. The redness assumed by the snow after lying on the ground for some time, was known to Aristotle, and was probably observed by him on the mountains of Macedonia. Whilst on the loftiest summits of the Alps, only Lecideæ, Parmeliæ, and Umbilicariæ, cast their coloured but scanty covering over the rocks, exposed by the melted snow, beautiful phanerogamic plants, as the Culcitum rufescens, Sida pinchinchensis, and Saxifraga boussingaulti, are still found to flourish in the tropical region of the chain of the Andes, at an elevation of more than 15,000 feet. Thermal springs contain small insects (Hydroporus thermalis), gallionellæ, oscillatoria, and confervæ, whilst the waters bathe the root-fibres of phanerogamic plants. As air and water are animated at different temperatures by the presence of vital organisms, so likewise is the interior of the different portions of animal bodies. Animalcules have been found in the blood of the frog and the salmon; according to Nordman, the fluids in the eyes of fishes are often filled with a worm that lives by suction (Diplostomum), whilst in the gills of the bleak the same observer has discovered a remarkable double animalcule (Diplozoon paradoxum), having a cross-shaped form with two heads and two caudal extremities.—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Mr. H. Notington states (in the *Hants Independent*) that "out of 167 criminals hung, 164 had been spectators of hangings."

MRS. ROTHSCHILD.—The widow of the late M. A. Von Rothschild, the founders of the house which bears his name, died at Frankfort, on Wednesday, aged 99 years.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND GEORGE IV.—It is the etiquette of the Chinese Court, for the Emperor's physicians to apply the same epithet to his disease as to himself—so they talk of his most high and mighty diarrhœa.—*The Doctor.*

We find from the *Stamford Mercury* that the Rev. W. Winston, curate of Toynton, St. Peter's, has expressed his determination not to bury Dissenters."—Can his reverence, like one who shall be nameless, quote Scripture for *his* purpose?—queries *Jerrold's News.*

The *Gateshead Observer* gives some interesting Local Intelligence: "The man who puffs tobacco smoke in ladies' faces arrived in Newcastle at Easter. He came in company with the man who whistles at reading-rooms. The lady who carries babies to the theatre is expected."

The *Glasgow Examiner* says: "To be a clever young man, not the slightest trouble is necessary. He has only to write so as nobody will be able to read, and the first great step in securing the coveted character is obtained. We never yet knew a clever young man who could sign his name."

A LADY M.D.—The London newspapers, in June, 1819, give an account of the studies and graduation, as M.D., of Miss Charlotte Von Seibold, Accoucheuse to the Duchess of Kent, and daughter of Dr. Von Seibold, of Darmstadt, and Madame Von Seibold, a celebrated Accoucheuse in Germany.—*Medical Times.*

The *Bristol Gazette*, alluding to the address lately presented, remarks: "The Friends have this advantage in going to Court, their ordinary apparel is just the fashion of the 'Court dress,' barring the sword; and, therefore, they become courtiers with very little trouble, and without disfigurement."

YANKEE MELODY.

Jump away, Jonathan; jig along, Jemima,
California's made of gold; we'll get as rich as Lima.
Come lads leave your dads: search for gold so brisk, O!
Cut stick, right slick; and sail for San Francisco.

[*Gateshead Observer*

A correspondent of *Jerrold's News*, speaking of Lord Lansdowne, says: "It may seem strange when speak of a member of the highest branch of the Legislature to have occasion to say that he is one of the cleanest looking and tidiest dressed men in the House. Can another peer superior to him in these respects be mentioned; Yes; the Duke of Wellington. These two men stand out from the mass of their compeers in what I would call the external decencies of their station—in the matter of personal appearance.

A correspondent of *Jerrold's News* suggests that a clergyman who advocated killing by the hangman might be pertinently asked what he thought of the declaration of the Most High, that He desired not the death of a sinner.

TALK ABOUT AND OF AMERICANS.—Should one ever hesitate as to the place of nativity of one of our free and enlightened citizens, there exists a test, which, potent as the spear of Ithuriel, will dispel all clouds of doubt. Let the person in question be requested to give an opinion upon any subject. Should he *guess*, write him down a Yankee; does he *reckon*, you may swear him a Southerner. The Yankee *guesses*, the Southerner *reckons*. Per contra, however, the Yankee *calculates*, and pretty shrewdly also, while the Southerner *allows*.—The one *wouldn't wonder* if some expected event should take place, while the other, more ardent and careless of assertion, *goes his death upon it* that it will. To the latter, drawing his comparison from his idolized rifle, a thing is *as sure as shooting*, while to the former, more pious, or more hypocritical, it is *as sartin as preachin*. The one will be *darned*, and the other *derned*, both evading an oath in nearly the same manner. Should this asseveration require additional force, the Northern man will be *gaul darned*, and the Southern *dod derned*; a curious perversion of sacred names to save the conscience while giving vent to one's temper.—*North American Review.*

THE SHERIFF AND THE HANGMAN.—At a publi meeting in Gloucester (to petition Parliament for th abolition of death punishments) Mr. C. Gilpin said: H never knew a man who would like to shake hands wit the hangman—(cheers and laughter). For himself, h had never but once seen the Newgate hangman—an he was a splendid fellow in his way—and then the hang man was going up Newgate street, hooted by a mob o boys—(laughter). He (Mr. Gilpin) had a friend, wh one Sunday spent the evening with one of the cit sheriffs. While the party were in the drawing-room, servant came to the sheriff, and announced "Mr. Ca craft," who of course did not follow the footsteps of th girl, but waited like a modest hangman, below—(laug ter). The sheriff looked astonished, and a shudde went round the room, for really it was not a pleasan thing to have such a visitor at an evening party. Th sheriff went down to see him. It appeared that Calcra had some reason to complain, and something like th following dialogue ensued:—

Sheriff: Well, sir?

Calcraft: I suppose you know there is a man to b hung to-morrow?

Sheriff: Ah, poor fellow! I fear it must be done.

Calcraft: Now, all that I have got to say is, that yo must hang him yourself, for I wont—and (pulling o a coil of rope, and flinging it at him),—there, take th rope, and hang him yourself, for I wont.

The sheriff recoiled from the rope, as if it were a sco pion. If the law was fit to be carried out, why did n gentlemen sheriffs tie the knot, and hang the criminal? (loud cheers). If this law was in the spirit of Chri tianity, they ought to have Christian men and Christia ministers to carry out this most Christian law—(cheers Do not get to execute the law which some people to them came from God—do not get degraded, embrut scoundrels to execute that law of God—(cheers).

Among the "notabilities of the week," (says Je rold's News,) we should record is the appearanc Prince ALBERT at the annual meeting, on Wednesda of the Servants' Provident and Benevolent Societ We highly approve of his attendance, and would incu cate its frequency where such institutions are to benefitted. Charity and benevolence are excelle things, no doubt, even when recommended by a pla parson or a quiet Quaker, but when a Prince patro zes, personally praises them, they become "indeed vine." So men seem to think, for lords and ladies g crowded the Hanover-square Rooms, and the head of Church (that is, next to Queen VICTORIA,) and the lot of the state-vessel, and the wealthiest peer in En land, were among the speakers. We advocate then Royal Highness's more frequent attendance, for, af all, he might make charity the fashion; he showed ab ity in making an uncouth hat a military fashion, to how many, without some princely stamp about it not charity now uncouth?

FATHER MATHEW.—A munificent act has been p formed by one of the merchant princes of Liverpo Father Mathew's life was insured some years since several thousand pounds as security for the expen of his temperance movement. He received notice fr the insurance company, that in going to America would have to pay a fine of £300 for the increased ri But where was the worthy friar to get such a su when his pension is consumed by the premium of ins ence on his life? Mr. W. Rathbone, of Liverp however, heard of this difficulty, and, unsolicited, the good friar £300, saying that "the friends of te perance should be responsible for the debts which apostle had contracted." The wealthy Roman Cat lics might blush at such an instance of Protestant nificence towards the greatest living ornament of Irish Catholic Church. The scene at Cork, upon Mathew's departing for America on Saturday, was n exciting. On the previous day his house was throng On Saturday morning, at five, crowds assembled aro Father Mathew's door. The Temperance bands w brought out, and the throng at eight became multitu nous. There were great wailing and lamentat amongst the lower classes. The leavetaking was much for Mr. Mathew; and, instead of waiting the mail coach which was to convey him to Mall he stepped into the private carriage of one of his r tives, and was some miles on his journey before multitude knew that he had departed.

OBSOLETE PUNISHMENT.—During the sixteenth c tury the sergeant-at-arms was the officer entru with the punishment of minor offences. It was he ducked the scold in the river, or led her about the st with the branks; and who carted the adulteress a the town, bearing the record of her own crime tr by the painter's art. It was he who set the vile seditious in the pillory, and, with whip and rod, scou ed men and boys—not within the precincts of a pri but in and through the streets of the town. Even men appear to have been subjected to this degrad punishment, having first been deprived of their hai the hands of the common barber. The "branks" an iron engine in the form of a crown. It covered head, but left the face exposed, having a tongue of which went in at the mouth, and constrained sil from the most violent brawler. This punishment in use in Newcastle at least so late as 1651, and used in Morpeth in 1741. The branks of Newc are still preserved in the police office. A punish contemporaneous with the branks, at least during Commonwealth, was the device called the "Newc (or Drunkard's) Cloak." It consisted of a barrel one end of which a hole was made just large enoug enable a man's head to pass through, so as to rest his shoulders [the other end was out altogether.] therefore, who had imbibed more liquor than he k how to carry, was made to wear this very suitable ment, urged on by the town-sergeant, who, as i other cases accompanied offenders about the tow *Gateshead Observer.*

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.—A certain reve gentleman of Moorwinstow, a short time since was ed to baptise a child of one of his parishoners. He ceeded with his usual ceremony, and receiving the into his arms, he said, "I baptise thee in the na the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," then threw a handful of water in the child's face, because the child did not cry, he repeated the fo ceremony, and also the dashing of the water in the c face the second and third time, the child still reta its silence. At this the gentleman was astonished, after repeating the ceremony and bestowing three ha ful of water on the child's face, it should not cry said—the child will not cry, I like to see children for then all "sin departs."—*Correspondent of the W ern Times.*

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